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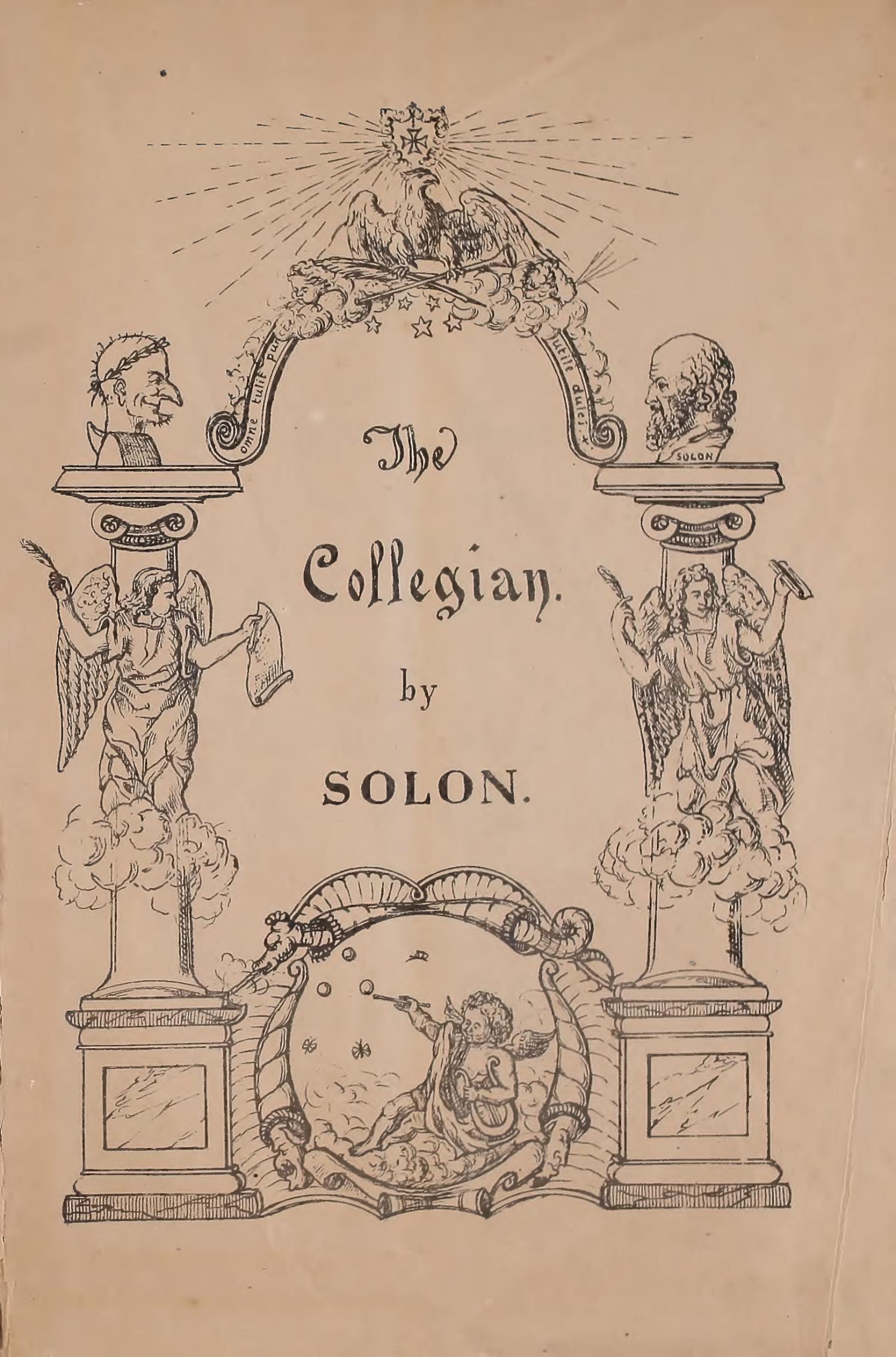
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The
Collegian.

by

SOLON.

Dedicated
to
Rev^d Edward Doucet S.J.
as a tribute of
Affection & Gratitude
which his
Kindness & Devotedness
have ever enkindled
in the breasts
of the
Students of St John's.

Labor omnia vincit

The Collegian

Vol 1

September 23. 1859

No 1

To Our Readers.

In sending the Collegian on its mission, we cannot undertake to prophecy whether it will meet with a favorable or an unfavorable reception. This "Future" is as dark as any I know. But whatever its reception may be, one thing is certain: that it will follow the path of independence, always holding itself ready to give every one his merits, whether it consists in censure or in praise. As a matter of course we do not expect universal approbation, since even the greatest men have never been so successful. Whatever we can do, shall be done to make the paper as interesting as possible, yet we wish it to be understood that we are not going to alter and remold, write and republish every number of the work to suit the taste and whims of those Faciadens, who make up their minds to be displeased with everything. Our object is to encourage and draw out the latent genius which is often allowed to be dormant, because no friendly, sound exert calls it into action: to invite them as it

were to depend upon themselves.

Just as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies

No personalities or reflections on authority
can be admitted; hence those who would
redress in such a manner, must find a dif-
ferent channel to convey their operations.

Our columns will always be open for subjects
on every branch of science and literature, and
this department presents a wide field for
husing what are, in every way, valuable: for
herein are contained those subjects which
cannot fail to delight, instruct and im-
prove the mind. One of the greatest evils of
study is to prepare the mind for the execu-
tion of those important duties which are the lot of
every sincere patriot. Yet it is not sufficient
that a man be learned, but he must know
how and where to apply it, so for the bene-
fit of one or two but to the whole community.
Hence it is absolutely necessary that
every one be qualified to act his part, be-

so he undertakes its execution. This result can only be obtained by industry and application, which are not so difficult when sobered down by a laudable ambition.

The editor, when, after every arrangement for those who wish to display their talents and requirements as well as their proficiency, in every department of literature: in prose, in novels, in history, in biography, and the like, - has no department seems to us, especially interesting; for if any species of writing can boast of universal suffrage, it is biography. Of all historical information, the history of man certainly affords in a surer and more lasting mode of instruction

and amusement. This story points out the reward of diligence and application as well as the misery and disgrace which follow in the train of idleness and the misapplication of time and talents.

Nothing, however having the slightest relation to plagiarism shall be admitted, and if any one attempts to enter under such a cloak he shall be treated as he deserves and undergo the penalty which Solon soen exacts. In fact originality is the material necessary of the foundation, but it must be continued throughout the whole structure. However dislikes it, let him pass on in silence lest by failing again it be exposed.

The Grave in the Wilderness

Deep in the forest, where the light
Faintly struggles through the leafy trees,
Where naught is heard, save when the boughs
Are rustled by the whispering breeze,
Or when the lark, at early morn,
With trilling voice, entones his lay,
And with his merry notes of joy.
Once more saunters returning day:-
There, far from toil and toiling strife,
In tranquil rest a cherub sleeps,
While over her tomb its sacred water
The silent shady forest keeps.

Around her grave the wild flowers grow:
The air their fragrance sweet perfumes:
There, planted by some friendly hand,
In solitude the daisy blooms:
There, mingled with the blushing rose,
The violet lifts her humble head.
A na weeping o'er the grassy mound,
Adorns the infant's lowly bed.
There spring her choiceest gifts bestows,
And Summer sheas her ray serene;
There Autumn comes and soon departs,
And Winter ne'er disturbs the scene.

Near by that angel's flowery grave,
A rudely carved stone was placed.
And on it some unskillful hand
Her name and youthful age had traced.
Their gentle dewy lips springs had shea
Upon that blossom frail and fair,
Which flourished in the wilderness.
Reared by a mother's tender care:
When frightful death, with ruthless hand
The pretty flower plucked from its stem,
And with another trophy bright
Adorned his scatter'd diadem.

While thus I gazed upon the mound
Beneath whose turf the cherub slept,
I thought of them far, far away,
Who of their bright babe were bereft.
What sorrow must the father feel
When thinking of his little child

Who sweetly then in death reposed
Far in the desert aark and wild?
No more her prattling voice will sound,
Enchanting to his listening ear:
Her merry laugh and joyous song
That parent ne'er again will hear.

But who can tell the poignant grief
That rends a loving mother's heart,
When from her lifeless infant child
That mother must forever part?

Oft will she miss the tiny form
That use to gambol 'mong the flowers:
Oft will she miss the playful ways
That once beguiled the tedious hours
Thro' life's dark vale she wanders on
Without one gleam or cheering ray
Of hope and expectation bright
To light her sad and dreary way.

Alas thus through our changeful life,
We see our fondest hopes decay,
We never love a bird or flower
But 'tis the first to fade away
Thus friends and kindred we behold
From our embrace untimely torn
Thus parents' kind and sisters dear
To their aark silent tomb are borne
Yet while we ever grieve and mourn
The absence long of those we love
We know that when this life is o'er
We'll meet them all in Heaven above.

bid

Agreeableness.

If there is anything in this world that contributes to the happiness of its inhabitants, it is when a person is in their self surrounded by agreeable people. Everything interesting, everything interesting is treated of, and especially do we not mingle with those who are agreeable and pleasant. Were it not for the agreeableness in society, the general mass of mankind would be hardened against sympathy and would close their hearts so that not a spark of kindred enter to root out their ill-nature. This agreeableness, or as we may call it, ill nature, consists in refusing to add to the enjoyment of your companions when it lies in your power so to do.

To go into company, for example when we are now thoughts and ideas to ourself, in there is no agreeableness. There will be added to the stock of amusement and entertainment, so in is there is a new addition.

Even in our home or company with the rest of those who know well the ways and turns of your disposition and character, it would be more satisfying to yourself when you reflect on it in after years than were the contrary conduct of being disagreeable. It does not detract from the agreeability of a person however great he may be in this world, to be agreeable; but it adds more attraction to a man's talents by having the quality of a good nature ennobled among them, by means of which he has reached his situation in life. & surely, man's motto is that, "it is just as cheap to be agreeable as not to be so."

Let us try to be entertaining, and when we are able to sing, let us sing with a good will. Let us please those who want to be pleased and who expect us to please them. The saying, this man's motto is to please and to have that its end will be obtained.

U. Cookson.

Prescott.

Farewell, farewell! to the bright genius that dwelt
In the hearts of millions of freedom's offspring;
He has gone from our gaze in the fulness of fame
And his spirit repose'sneath History's wing.

Lightless he labored through toil and through sorrow,
His intellect proteling the darkness of time;
A pen, dipped in bluntness, blazed o'er his pages,
As he pictured the deeds of each chivalric clime.

Pizarro and Cortes, in splendid array,
Cross oceans and fields to seek the bright gold,
And their hopes and their fears and their martial exploits
Raise the hopes and the fears and the joys of the bold.

The Spaniard and Indian in terrible strife
In battle again: their image hangs o'er us,
That like magic they spring from their tombs into life,
And in funeral show are stalking before us.

Blind Prescott, farewell! farewell to thy glory!
Thy memory shall warm our fond breasts with delight;
Thank God! Who, in throwing a shade o'er thy vision,
Gave thee power to fill a dark age with thy light.

Americus.

Night.

This is the division of time, assigned to man for rest, a cessation of labor, and the reinvigoration of those faculties which, in his various avocations, the toils of the day have enfeebled. In its solemnity and its stillness, nature seems to slumber, and the busy tread of activity dies away from the ear, as the last ray sinks behind the western hills. The glorious orb of the sun, the various objects on which he, in his diurnal course, shed his invigorating rays: pass from view by little and little, till growing dimmer and less perceptible in the silvery twilight, until finally all his apparition awakes. But though the sun is gone, all beauty has not disappeared with it. Through that austere firmament, which he travelled in the day, other luminaries pass also in the night. Yes, gentle reader, look up into that vast space which the chain of infinity alone can measure, and you will behold no less of the Creator, not less beautiful, other luminaries, not less admirable. There you will behold the eccentric comet, darting through that immense space on its fiery course, with the speed of lightning: there you will behold the gentle light of the pale moon, as well as innumerable millions of twinkling stars, to compensate, to console you for the sun's absence. To the企素 and the girtton, surcharged with

the austerities of refined sumptuousness. The long awak night is irksome: they, indeed, rolling about on the bed of restless slumber, from which their own excesses have driven "soothing sleep," complain of the length of the time, which a beneficent Creator has given for the refreshment of the brow, bathed in sweat, which gives to man the bread of industry.

Sleep is one of the first laws to which our nature has to bend. Even in the state of primitive innocence man was not exempted: "for the Lord cast a deep sleep upon Adam." We are so disposed by our nature and its necessity that sleep is no less indispensable than food for our existence. To complain of the night, then, is not only wrong but an insult to the most High. The miser, the man of avarice, the honest man, though from different motives, spend the day in toil: but the approach of night gives a respite to their labors, darkness throws her mantle over the earth, the vesper hymn is sung and our wearied limbs seek relaxation and refreshment in repose. To how many aching hearts does night bring relief! Even the stern bosom of sickness, relaxed at the touch of sleep, yields to its charms and for-

forgets its mission of agony. The enigma, whose eye has gazed the lone long day towards the time of his childhood, when night approaches, lays his head on the iron pillow of the couch, and despite of tyrants in dreams revisits his native land.

Selfish indeed, would be those who would wish to purchase, perhaps, a few hours of immortal activity, by wishing for eternal day, and by a sacrifice of that dark as with bale's sorrow and gives a temporary calm to the troubled spirit.

There is something unspeakably solemn and soothing in the unbroken and undisturbed silence of the night. It is then the mind seems to be occupied with serious thoughts which flash across its spontaneous life; and it is then that our weakness appears before us, so to speak, in all its plenitude. The imagination conjures up forms and phantoms, which it burns before the mind of weak humanity, which often views them in the light of reality. The man who liveth the entire day, before the god of the worldling, now sees its inability to help him and like the false prophet grows pale at the sight of the hideous monster, created by his

own muse worn the names that offered incense to mammon are now stretched forth to ask the watchful and benignant care of the God of the universe.

Night has no terror save for the wicked: the just man feels as secure beneath the sable shades that surround the midnight star, as under the blazing light of the meridian sun. For he is assured that an eye watches over him that sleeps not: that a mercy shields him which the arrows of an enemy cannot pierce: that a power protects him which time cannot overthrow, nor cold nor heat weary, nor season nor ages change. Let the guilty tremble in the night, not because it is night, not because God is less watchful, but because they are guilty. He who has made the night can also penetrate its darkest shades, and see clearly the crimes which man thinks to conceal, when its gloom is spread around. Whatever we do, whether by night or by day, His hand is always ready to disperse the reward, whether good or bad which our actions merit. His power is omnipotent. No man can always smite or save in light or in darkness under all circumstances.

Vigilator

An appeal to the West.

To the West, to the West let ye emigrate then,
We can find in far lands what ye cannot in this
Lie it needs: but strong arms and it needs but strong men
To make every acre of ground each man his.

It is now, it is now, when our cities are full,
When ye cry out in anguish for quiet and rest,
If ye long for a land whose great beauties will lull
A sick soul into calmness then come to the West.

Delay not, delay not, to grasp the rich treasure
That the region in plenty shall bear to your toil.
It has grain for support, it has forester's pleasure
For men who but bless it by peopling the soil.

Columbia, Columbia, doth call on her offspring
To spread Freedom's broad shield o'er the land we now till;
In her shade to lift up your voice to the hereling,
And to the world to proclaim the strength of her will.

To the west, to the West, with your families come;
With your stock and your household come build up a town,
Come out poor if you will, you can leave a poor home,
To find shelter from storms, to the West still unknown.

By a settler.

Regulations

- 1 The belligian will be published semi-monthly
- 2 Originality is the only passport to our columns.
- 3 No reflections on authority, and nothing tending to create ill-will among any of the students can be admitted.
- 4 All contributors must be careful not to sign their own names to their communications, but must assume a nom de plume.
- 5 All contributions must be sent through the letter-box in the study-hall and must be addressed to Yolton.

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

Oct. 9th 1859.

No 2.

Hope, a source of Pleasure.

Contentment, like a gentle stream,
The vale of life doth ope
And onward flows with influence
When from the source of hope.

The child, when reached the years of thought,
From sports will cease, forsooth,
To gaze in fancy on the joys
That wait for him in youth.

Aft from his comrades and his task
The joyful youth retires,
To contemplate his life as man,-
A life which he admires.

"Avant, ye childish sports, he cries,
"Avant ye studious hours
Spad on old time, and honors bring;
Give me my manhoods powers."

And though 'tis said that time is old,
He moves with rapid strides
For soon the bark of beardless youth
Is launched on manhoods tide.

Thus, less'd on ev'ry surging wave,
'Tis with contentment best
If 'ope its compass over point
To the haven of peace and rest.

Oh man! when has decked your brow
And hoary locks o'erspread,
With hope in God, you'll ever trust
For peace among the dead.

If kindled not the flame of hope,
Then querulous you'll be,
And in the future naught behold
But dark eternity.

Rufus

Autobiography of a Desk.

Chapter I

When or where I was born is a mystery which neither time nor experience has yet solved. My father, if ever I had any, died before I came to the use of reason, and my mother a nice little blossom, made her exit one day at the suggestion of a blast of wind from the top of a large tree, and left me, at an early age, to the mercy of a cruel world. Thus situated, I put myself under the protection of the branch on which my mother had left me, who patiently awaited some favorable opportunity, when chance would reveal to me the secret of my birth, as well as the name of the family to which I belonged. Time rolled on. Day after day, I beheld the sun rise with unabated splendor from his eastern couch and sink with enchanting smile behind the west, conscious, and my secret seemed as far

solution as the day I was left an orphan. However, all things here have an end and my patience, though long, could not be everlasting.

While I was one day bemoaning my fate and cogitating on the events of the past and the prospects of the future, I heard a confused sound of voices in the distance, unintelligible at first, it is true, but growing nearer and clearer every moment. I failed to divine the import of so formidable and at the same time, adventurous a visit. I awaited the result in breathless silence. My suspense, though painful, was of short duration: for soon beheld a crowd of wights emerge by twos and threes from the different alleys and glades of the wood. Their appearance, though formidable, was anything but pleasing.

Every one seemed to be his own captain, bound only to obey his own commands, and make the rest of the plunder. Unity was obscured to the latter, as they seemed to have a special disregard for this, knowing very well that so long as each one remained in the order of units, there was no possibility of a junction when the booty came. As for order, you might as well look for gravity in the head of a dancing master, or wool from a mountaine goat. As if by magic, they all stopped when they came before the tree on which I dwelt; and here, gentle reader, begins the revelation of my mystery. For the first time I learned my name was "nut."

The ragged troop assembled around my foster-parent, and soon its devoted units began to tremble under the successive volleys of clubs and stones, which whizzed and crackled through and around them, like miraculous hailstones on a fairy-castle. The assault was so furious and so well-sustained that no mortal effort could withstand it: yet how long it lasted or what was the result, I cannot say, as the blow of a stone transported me in a swooning fit to Terra-firma. The only thing that I could learn was that there were many such as I on the tree, whom

the invaders wished to grow for their sonification, and that they never gave quarter in their attack. Be that as it may, the blow, though severe, was by no means fatal, and when I awoke, for I escaped this sight but scarcely, I found all things barren. The balmy breeze and the bright sunny air were gone: the vines had lea: the piercing blast carried along the chilly shower. The hoary frost began to pine my strong coat; and finally the whole world, and I became enveloped in a mighty snow-storm. My situation became more and more insupportable and with the increase of my miseries my courage began to fail. My nights were sleepless, and when I slumbered they were disturbed with images of the most frightful shapes. sometimes I imagined a thing like a white pillow, hovering over my face and then falling down with a sound upon my sleepless eye-lids.

Death would have been preferable: but his visits are not always made at our request. About this time my situation began to change: the earth grew softer and I daily sank farther into its bosom, until I was completely shut out from the sun.

To be continued.

The Seasons of death.

When Nature smiles at the approach of Spring,
And dons her garments rich and gay,
And when with merry notes the forest ring,
Then death its victims bears away.

The placid lakes are fanned by summer's gale,
The purling streams through meadows glide,
With perfumes sweet the gentle zephyrs sail,
Whilst Death appears on every side.

When Autumn in its tint of brown bears sway
And Nature doffs her gay day gear,
The sighing winds may oft be heard to say:
"For death prepare, thy hour is near."

The wintry winds come sweeping from the pole,
With sunny mantle the earth conceals,
The icy lord the rapid streamlets hold,
While frosty death on mortals steals.

By M. M. M.

To Our Readers.

Thanks, fellow-students, for your kind reception of our unpretending and modest *Bolegum*. Its appearance, no doubt, surprised you, but as it seems, agreeably. It made quite a stir among the literati, and searches and inquiries concerning the editorship circulated quite freely to the no small gratification of all. Solon, as Junius, stands the shadow of a name, and all attempts at discovery will prove fruitless, unless meanness prompts any to go to others desks: this we do not expect. We have come out, clothed in the garb of secrecy, and we ask of you to do the same when you send in your contributions. You have done this and we are greatly rejoiced, both for your sakes and for ours, for yours because it enables you to give for the perusal of your fellow-students, what modesty would keep you from producing under your real signatures; and for our sakes, because it saves us the trouble of laboring over our own brains to fill up our columns when we have genuine and sensible contributions from others.

These are the subjects on which you can exercise your pens. The incident of college-life would furnish you with the material, and clothe it in the language of stately prose or in the gird of fascinating poetry would be sentable to the editor, who is nothing more

than a collegian, and who can be amused and instructed by the compositions of fellow-students. Try your pens, sharpen your wits, take courage and simply send your productions to Solon, who will insert them free of charge in his paper.

It is the duty of Solon to notice everything beneficial and everything defective in the many nations that flood society. There is an appeal—it is already known among the students—to contribute a mite for the sake of charity to the sisters of Mercy, to help them in performing their duties as guardians of the poor and nurses of the sick. Reject not their appeal, but show that you are not behind your fellow-students of former years in zeal for the service of charity. We do not take advantage of the termination of the retreat, which has made so deep an impression on your youthful hearts: for we would ask you to contribute at any other time. The blessings of the poor will watch over your safety, guard you in your sleep, stand near you through misfortunes, and ascend with you to the throne of God. No one ennobled poverty while on earth.

Solon.

Life.

I saw a little spring, as from the ground
It bubbled forth; - over sands and pebbles smooth
It roiled its laughing waters; - then through meads,
Whose grassy sides the crystal stream imbibed, -
Whose drooping flowers and hanging leaves it laved
And gently kissed, it wended its slow way;
The placid stream flowed on, and mingling soon
With a deep river, it was borne along,
Till it lost itself in ocean's broad
Expanse. Tis thus with man's life on this earth.
In childhood dancing wild, in youth less gay,
In manhood madly rushing on, until
He passes through the gates of Death, into
Eternity.

By Bid.

Poverty

Often times as we gaze from the windows of the refectory, we see forms, broken down and weary, famished and covered with the dust of a long journey: we see them begging a miserable pittance, a mite to send them on their way rejoicing a bit and sup to renew their almost worn-out frame: and this is poverty. Misfortune, ill-success in life, blotted hopes, have reduced to this state of dependence thousands of what are now the poor. We cannot banish them from society by heartless laws: we cannot make them undergo penalties for being unfortunate: we must have them always before our eyes to serve

as reminders for us, and to teach us how slight is the hold on riches which are prized so highly. - Transport yourselves for a moment into the hovel, inhabited by poverty - by the wrecks of human nature. Instead of abundance the means of subsistence are wanting: their daily bread is scant: it can scarce suffice the wretched inmates, keep life in the almost lifeless babe, nor support the strength of the woe-stricken parents. The sun shines through chinks and crannies in the miserable tenement and discloses a sight at which humanity shudders.

The children are in a group
lie on the cold hearth-stone, half-
less of the wretchedness of their
situation; the mother soothes
their little ears as best she can, and
hurries to sleep her half-fam-
ished infant. This is the home
of poverty! And the father of
these children? He cannot res-
cue them from misery; he can-

not save them from perishing
with hunger. There he stands in
all the silent manliness of grief,
leaning against the shuttered
mantelpiece, and gazing on the
wretched group before him. He
is paralyzed by disease, and they
must beg! Yes! lean on the cold
world for support.

Fellow-students look up to
the poor, instead of looking down on them, and
your path will be smooth through life.

By Spes

Sunday of the Retreat

The tapers were lighted to shine on the scene,
The altar was robed in garb of the neatest,
All nature looked happy and cheerful and green,
And fair laughed the morn in garb of the sweetest.
The deep organ sounds, gentle notes sweetly stealing
From innocent hearts, sanctifying their love;
Soft voices warble pure hymns scarce concealing,
Joy, mingling with tones of the angels above.
The saints rejoiced, as the youthful adorers
Gave homage in presence of Mary's sweet son,
They smiled and they said: "The groups now before us
Will soon grasp the reward their penitence won."
Our sisters, our brothers with th' Almighty dwelling,
Are glad the retreat has now freed us from sin,
They stand near our hearts at the entrance repelling
Thoughts that would embitter the sweetness within.

By Caritas.

Mr. Wundell

Within a period of time by no means embracing a hundred years, and near a village not a thousand miles from —, there lived a gentleman of the above name. How he came to the possession of that euphonious common name was a matter of frequent dispute

among the surges of rage, a man who on that
occasion gave rise to warm words. It is not infrequent
it happened that Mr. Turenne was a spectator
of the brawls of which his name was the cause
without however imagining that he was the ob-
ject of their remarks. Being however a man who
observes the entire of the eleventh command-
ment at the expense of the seventh, he complimented
himself on his own peaceable disposition
and composure is unavoidable propensity by
carrying so many. How the fix in the file came
off much better than either the bear or the lion.
But however uneventful and satisfactory such
cogitations might be to Mr. Want-all they by no
means remove the cause of the dispute. Now in
this same village there lived a judge whose
name, very much out of use, was Mr. Liverall.
This gentleman inhabited an old stone house
which his ancestors had possessed from time im-
memorial, and whose benevolence and disinter-
estedness of disposition had raised him to a command-
ing point in the estimation even of the selfish.
The antiquity of the family, the integrity of
the judge made him in difficult case, the o-
racle of the peasantry: and his infallible was
his decision considered among the people.
That it was an act of a king to wish
from it, in the trouble it did not seem
The judicial contests that came in his way
few called for more frequent exercise and no
certainly for a greater amount of his proverbial
patience than those which our friend Want-
all occasioned. It rarely grieved the mind the

put the man off. Give all to
peace of his native village de. Tired never
to receive any report a mail this on a c-
count of one man. Hence on more than one
occasion he hinted to Mr Want-all that
his silence would be material dis-
tress to the prosperity of the place. The
judge knew very well that the unroll-
ing of the secret of Want-all would have
terminated the quarrel, and turned the
combined fury of both sides on the head
of the unfortunate cause of all their dis-
content. Nevertheless he began to think
seriously at last when the happiness of a
single individual was an equivalent
for the peace of a whole community.
While he was one day engaged in en-
deavoring to find out some means by
which an amicable solution of the diffi-
culty might be obtained, a circumstance
occurred which left no more room for de-
liberation. When a sword, carried by inac-
tive, which might be taken for tacit con-
nivance, was to have full sway.
The circumstance was this: a fresh
quarrel arose among the gentlemen, which
ended, not as usual in words but in
physical members. The judge be-
gan with every effort to prevent the effect
which followed the cause. Accordingly
on the day of trial he took the opportunity
of revealing the whole affair
by saying that the gentleman's real

was greedy. Bags, but that he had received a revert & some in consequence of his want of everything he saw with his neighbors, and making it a point either to destroy, or what is the same, never to return the article. The fury of the people against Want-All was worked up so high at the end of the end of the judge's speech that it could only be appeased by the expulsion of the 11th commandment gentleman

whose silence was fully compensated for by the good order which followed. Whether Mr Want-All died with grief at his own disgrace, is a consideration which never troubled me: but one thing is certain, whether dead or alive he has many an able representative. Let us hope, however, that their fate will one - may it be soon - be similar.

Autos.

The Captive Pirate.

This then is my doom -
This dungeon of gloom!
My comrades all gone,
Wine & wile none.
Drag out 'mid the chains
Life's king'ring remains.
No this cannot be:
The King of the sea
I swear shall ne'er dwell
In prisoner's cell.
For the ocean I'm born!
Ye tyrants, I scorn.
or a man I'll roam free
wid world and sea.

Hark! now the wild roar,
From cliff and from shore,
Of billows I hear
I bid the night earth and drear:
And lo! sudden light
Illumines the night.
That friends are quite near
A signal, 'tis clear:
But oh! to set free
The King of the sea.
They come not, I know,
For onward they go,
With the flash and the boom,
Far off 'mid the gloom

Then thus must I stay
To droop and decay.
While over the sea
Ye roam merrily?
Oh no! my brave band,
A captive on land
In slavery's chain,
I ne'er shall remain.
But come thou, my blade,
Come quick to my aid:
Plunge deep in my heart,
For ne'er must we part
While death will set free
The King of the sea.

Poeta.

Answers to Correspondents.

Vesnasion Your plagiarism is the most shameless that we have ever seen. The piece which you sent us in is entirely copied from Life's Essays, as is so everything you have ever written.

Labor omnia vincit

The Collegian.

Vol. I

October 23 1859

123.

Autobiography of a Desk Chapter II

Surrounded by darkness at the very entrance into so strange a place, I saw nothing at all at first, - a phenomenon which may be accounted for from the fact that there was no light. Finding no living being in the place I naturally came to the conclusion that it was uninhabited. But the result proved

the contrary, showing at once the short-sightedness of my speculations, as well as the falsity of my conclusions. In a few hours after my descent I was surrounded by a crowd of legless, headless, hairless, tailless, eyeless, noseless, mouthless shapeless things which crawled over me and under me: for what purpose I could not divine, since, owing to their senseless state, they could derive neither knowledge nor pleasure from such unbecoming conduct. Indeed, their audacity went so far as to prompt them on one occasion to make an attempt on my life. I repelled the insult in the most indignant manner, giving them to understand at the same time the height to which

my birth had raised me in the upper world, and consequently it did not incite them - for such I have since learned was their cognomen - to treat me a respectable nut in such a manner.

At this they made an attempt to laugh, but failed because they were mouthless. However my remonstrance had its effect, for they troubled me no more. Finding myself free, I turned my whole mind to the fabrication of some means of extricating myself from so disagreeable a situation.

All my exertions and all my measures to escape proved unavailing; in consequence of which hope of success began to vanish in the dark cloud of despair. I now sought to give vent to my grief through that channel where the woes which in heart often finds an outlet to its misery - in spilling tears. But my affliction was more than grief, more than misery, more than wretchedness; it was all these in their most repulsive forms, heightened, deepened, and rendered with despair. What wonder, then, if, in this inscrutable degradation of helplessness and despondency, the visionary mount of misery - grief, was not sufficient for mine. Ah! gentle reader, even at this distant period, I should like to think of that awful moment when the pyramid of misery... when the perfect, nay, the miserly, abject miser... had erected, was

and another tumble down with that crash which ever omens destruction, if not complete annihilation. Beware! attend then! lest thy nerves become so uncontrollably restive as to raise the very tempest from thy head.

When I tell thee that my sides, agitated with the fulness of woe, burst asunder with consequences, more disastrous than the burning volcanos, whose pent-up fury has been seeking an outlet for centuries; ask me not to tell thee of my agony, of my contortions, of the pulsating wound, opened anew and gathering deeper, as the icy hand of death ruthlessly grasped another and another life-string to pluck it from the vital trunk. In my sorrow I greeted death with the unearthly smile of blessed hope, and in his sepulchral tones and gloomy shades I thought I would find a calm for my misery and the goal of my sorrows.

"Come now," said the voice sounds than minstrel tones, when song and strain, sweetly, stenuring, chant the praises of some mighty warrior, on whose brow is enthroned the messenger of victory and repulse.

"Spare me the unutterable anguish I suffer, moan, and listen to the consequences of that gigantic catastrophe. I swooned away, as usual, and lay in a state of insensibility for an undistinguishable period of time. This is not me! was it together unconscious of what took place; for I was

always under the impression that I was dead, and you know very well that for a dead man to undertake to give its experience would be absurd. From this state of stupor I was finally aroused by a tremendous puffing and blowing, screeching and howling, over my head one day. This I afterwards learned was occasioned by a tremendous battle, fought between two kings, named Boreas and South-Wind, in which the latter, after a sanguinary contest, was the victor and drove Boreas off with great loss.

Shortly after this battle, I was not a little surprised to hear a voice say in gentle tones: "Come away, thou child of high-born lineage: leave this dark abode to taste at length the sweets of liberty; come away," I repeated in astonishment: "Come away! taste the sweets of liberty! What can all this mean! Whatever thou art thou art a cheat. Avant, phantom! Nay, nay, say not so," replied the gentle voice, "resist not, thou must come."

Scarcely had the echo of this command died away, when the earth as if troubled by a tremor, began to move, and in a space of time so incredibly short that I cannot find a name for it, I was transported from the blackest darkness to the most brilliant light.

To be continued.

Pleasure Dedicated to Mr E. Hudon. S.J.

Say where, alluring nymph, thou lowest to dwell:
On earth, in heaven, or 'neath the billow's swell?
In fame, in martial pomp, or regal show?
Or dwellest thou amid eternal snow?

Perhaps thy dwellings are in southern climes,
Where zephyrs lull to sleep at curfew chimes,
Where honey flows in streams from cotug tree,
And twilight's hymn is chanted by the bee.

Or can they be where Phœbus hails in morn
And mild Aurora's th' eastern skies adorn?
With Vesper wilt thou rest at parting day,
To lull grief's aching stings with soothng lay?

No matter where I seek, I find thee not,
For fruitless efforts seem to be my lot,
I've sought thee here and there and everywhere
Vain task, alas! methinks I must despair.

Some said you could be found in books and here,
Where poet-sages worshipp'd thee of yore.
Some said you loved to see the foaming boar,
Whose sorrow's knell delights the weary soul.

Believe them not; less fits the winter sun,
Which scarce is seen when hidden from the view,

Than phantom pleasure on bright fancy's steed,
Which comes and goes, in dreams, with elfish speed.

When dewy eve descends with cooling shades,
To glad the panting flocks and parched glades,
Alone I wander then in search of thee:
Nor words, nor smiles, prevent thee still to flee.

Minerva's charms but speed thy foldless wing
To blast bright hope and poison deep the sting.
Oft hast thou blighted genius' sunny flower,
Pregnant with worth, biding the fruitful hour.

When bounteous spring her store unfolds for bees,
With leaf and flower and blossom for the trees,
Then loitering on with pensive step and slow
My soul with hopes, nigh gained, began to glow.

Yet all was but the shadow of a dream,
More transient than the swiftly flowing stream:
Less true than thoughts that flit across the minds,
When sleep our limbs in death-like slumber binds.

Oh Pleasure! if thou art a being, come now!
One word, one smile! My heart the price I vow.
I've sought thee here and there and everywhere,
Vain task, alas! methinks I must despair.

Give me the days the years for thee I've lost
To shield me from the blast in age's frost:
My youth restore to prop this tottering frame,
And then account with all thy gifts and fame.

— Venner.

To Our Readers.

Once more we must return our sincere thanks to you for the kind reception you have given our humble journal: but at the same time we would remind you that we shall not be bound in any way, or, as was said in our first address to you, remodel the paper according to every one's desire or fancy. In fact had we yielded to wishes, which have been expressed in our hearing, the Collegian by this time would have assumed an entirely different shape than the one it now possesses. Every day our ears are greeted with opinions and criticisms, so absurd as to make us blush for the ignorance of the critics. Those self-constituted judges of literature, either from stupidity or jealousy - we know not which - give forth very profusely and continually torment with their ridiculous notions those whose misfortune it is to be near them. We do not expect to be free from criticism: but at least let our critics be well informed: let them have some knowledge of style: and above all let them know the rules of syntax. There have been articles in our paper whose style and language would displease no one, and yet they have been pronounced to be badly written, deficient in style, and even ungrammatical. Now any person of common sense knows that this has never been the case, and we tell those learned judges that they had better study

their grammar, or make a comparison of Blair or some such author before they attempt to criticise. We think that the old proverb about "empty vessels having the greatest sound", might justly applied to them. How we ill editors are doomed to be pestered with such insects, which can never do any harm but simply cause a momentary irritation.

Nor is this the only annoyance we are subjected to. It is our impression that plagiarism is carried on to a great extent. We cannot be expected to read all the periodicals or newspapers, from which some of our contributors cull their production. We have been pestered with a considerable number of plagiarized articles and a great many others, which we suspect to have been copied. Now we tell you, one and all, that if we have the slightest suspicion of the originality of any piece, we shall without the slightest hesitation reject it: for sooner than be the dupes of unscrupulous plagiarists we shall refuse to insert any production, unless its originality be fully established. At the society, together with the hand-writing of every student is pretty well known: we shall be able to carry this rule into effect.

The Dew-drop.

Upon the flower, whose fragrance sweet
The morning air perfumes,
The dew-drop falls, and by its power
The drooping blossom blooms.
Then back to Heaven is borne away
The crystal clear and bright,
Again to fall on meadows green
When day gives way to night.

Tis thus when o'er a wounded heart
We pour a healing balm,
Or when fierce strife and passions strong
We kindly try to calm.
The soothing word and friendly act,
Done for our Father's love,
Are by an angel's hand inscribed
In the heavenly book above.

bid.

Autumn.

Even as a rich, unostentatious queen,
Autumn, in modest garb, is now at hand:
From Nature's precious bounty countless gifts
To man laborious she presents: which he,
In turn, with frugal hand, from Winter's blast
For future use in granary conceals.

With mellow fruit now pendent are the trees:
A solemn dirge the winds' mid forest's chant:
While o'er the ground the rustling leaves are heard
To run with merry sport into the brook,
Whose gurgling waters bear them swift away.
Such is the prime of life. In manhood's state
The harvest of our youthful days we reap
From doleful sorrow's voice, like forest leaves,
To sympathy's clear font we joyous fly.
And there while quaffing, patiently await
Until old age, like winter's chilling frost,
Upon us comes to freeze our stagnant blood
And bind us fast in icy chains of Death.

Anonymous.

Answers to Correspondents. c)

Yol — Your proaction entitles you to the highest niche in the annals of presumption.

critic — We do not want your advice: Solon came into life without your aid; and he shall live, flourish and be respected when you shall have been smothered in your colossal insignificance.

Sylvester — How long are you out of the wood eh? Do you not know that the "roses" have fallen ere now, and that a wither little song, just like that which you give us, has been sung before over the "withered leaves?"

Albert — While you are admiring your rosy summer, take a lesson from us curmudgeons, and when you want seen news published & going to the right place, which for such news is not to be found in the columns of the Collegian.

Jarnes — Your piece, disfigured as it is by bad orthography, looks so outward in the garb with which you have clothed, that we barely recognized it as an old friend. You cannot imagine the hideous form it presents through Solon's "original" spectacles.

Juvenis — You are truly "*Juvenis*" in your poetical accomplishments, but by your audacity and plagiarism, you are entitled to "*Senex*." If Songfellow were dead, the pillow, graced by your brainless skull, would oft be visited by his injured ghost.

Emily — We do not receive contributions from females.

Anonymous. Your poem on "Autumn" is very acceptable to us: and your appearance in the *Collegian* will add another charm to it.

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collector

π̄₂

November 6 1859

11

The Sister of Charity.

Desiring rank and wealth, she enters that humble
order, where her joys are forgotten and the wants and
sufferings of her fellow-creatures are the only objects
of her care. Turn to the field where war with high-
handedness is made robbery. In the in-
-ner of death strikes down many a brave

spiring voice of its beneficress, his soul was at flight before the tribunal of its judge, and soon another intercessor is added to the long train, those who, surrounding the throne of the King of kings, intercede for us, and cry for the lowly disciple of Saint Vincent.

On Burnes's bleak shore repose the forms
of those who traversed the gory field, bearing
constestation into right to the suffering soldier.
Though they rest in a foreign land, their
graves will be well directed and honored as
the last resting-place of those who left friends
and country to minister to the wounded
warrior, and while the heroes of France will
reap new laurels in other climes, the memory
of those who left us will abide on
their hearts, and often by the camp-fire
their names will be mentioned with emotion
and awe.

and the soul is not to be
seen in the world, and when the
soul is seen in the world, it is not
after the service of man and when the soul
is not seen in the world, it is not
after the service of the poor. For the
poor are the poor for the dying victim -
mangled, such as angels breath, in heaven
when they answer the Lord on behalf of fallen

humans in the world of man and
when the world is dying, and when the
world is mangled, will they be exposed
to the storms of the world at such a tender age?
Will they be obliged to go from door to door, beg-
ging a morsel of bread to sustain their fine
white, innocent, nubes, with gratitude in their
hearts? Will their youthful ears be greeted with sounds
of immorality, and their eyes view scenes of vice
and crimes? Will they be mangled
by the driving rain or will their young life-
test bloom be found beneath the white snows of
winter? No: the angel who traced the parents
names upon them. They are under the
care of the merciful sister, who in a turn
in the path of virtue and salvation.

Behold the labor of the sister of charity.
Where will you find one who fulfills the pre-
cepts of Christ more exactly? Her life is one con-
tinual sacrifice, and a life of renunciation of
everything, save the work she is destined to
perform, devoting her years to the service
of the poor.

She is the most despised? Is she not passed by
unnoticed and made the subject of ridicule?
While worldlings seek pleasure in earthly en-
joyments, caring not for the famished poor a-
round them, keeping far from the circle of mis-
ery and disease and giving all their thoughts to
the flattery and self-satisfaction in their living-
place: they will not profit by that model of pi-
ety, if one does not see easily in their example of vice
but still continue in their course of vice and
immorality. Can what earthly reward to those
devoted women obtain? They have sought else
but the reward of the poor. Conquerors, whose
victories have been bought at the expense of the
lives of thousands, bringing woe and mourn-
ing into many a hamlet, are honored with
ostentation and triumphs during their life, and after their death monuments are
everywhere erected to their memory, inscribed
with false eulogies: while the humble sister
of charity, lives unnoticed by the cold world
and when she departs from earth, a simple
cross marks her place of rest. But in heaven she
is equal to above kings and queens, where
her virtue is rewarded with happiness
for an eternity.

When all men to imitate her in her
piety and charity, selfishness and vice
would soon disappear, and mankind
dwelling in harmony and love would
rise from earth to celestial happiness will
be forgotten.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and gain.
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise
Of lazy philosophers - self-sufficient men -
Of fire-side philants reclining, but not ven,
Who stand in the balance, and expect to rise
With the flocks, & because of that they are made?

Lucius.

The Past...

When o'er the slumbering earth, dark night hath cast
Her sable shroud and buried in tranquillity
The busy hum of life: and when we hear
The solemn hour of midnight, as we sit
Alone, in sadness and in gloom; how oft
Does memory wander back into the past,
And traverse scenes where childhood's days were spent
Or mingle once more in the active throng!
How oft, at that still hour, do we behold
The low-roofed cottage, with its garden bright,
In which we played in quietness of infancy,
Or sit upon the garden-bench, where we first
In孺age, path of letters tried our limbs!
The raveling green and daisy-sprinkled path,
We used to follow in sports we used to play,
The old oak-tree which early taught a shade
Afforded, when the noon-day sun shone bright,
The weeds, in quietude, list, in bower, or in rose,
In search of fruit, before our fancy pass.
Then, in our mind, the misery, the joys, and sorrows,
Which constantly our soul tormented, come,
While thus our cheered life we calmly view,
We ask for those who once our footsteps led,
Whom mingled in our childhood's sports and play,
And through life we enjoyed our constant friends.
How is that quiet shade we carried that morn
So happily the dreary hours beguiled?
Where are those parents who early when we were
Directed first to Heaven? Where are those kind
And tender sisters, who our woes e'er healed?
How is that joyful, happy home we left,
Sister, with a young brother, and a mother
To whom we used to sing the stately airs
Of our childhood, and repeat the
Poetry we used to learn, and the
Lullaby we used to sing, and the
A foregone turf those sisters fair repose.

Beside the partner of his woes, in death
The father sleeps, and o'er his grave a cross

in a quiet dwelling in art, I estimate the late
S. C. left his knee had climbed on his breast
and quietly slumbered away to cheerings again.

and a burden with me through life's drear path?
Ah no! grief wasted her young form, and like
a flower, fading at winter's cold approach,
She went to join her parents dear in Heaven,
The last link by its fall the slender giant
had crumpled. Thus parents, brothers, all
have passed away and left me here alone.

He journeyed smiling through this earthsome world.
Ah! where is he who bore the sacred name
of friend who is repined in my success
He is in my heart I shared? He is no more.
The earth that a soft tomb his bones are laid,
And though his face is longer I behold,
Yet his blest spirit round me hovers, and
In virtue's way his loved companion leads.
The blossom's happiness, little fading day,
In darkness disappeared.

Then as we see
the appointed hope of mankind's year;
and at our misery and calamity,
Upon the pleasures of the present life,
How weak, and ask of God the strength
To dwell in resignation the below;

Unto whom the flowers, so fair,
Are placed, and to the realms of endless bliss
We go to join the ones we mourned on earth.

61d.

To Our Readers.

circumstances - that everything having the least resemblance to plagiarism, no matter from whom it comes, would be excluded. Hence to ensure success and to secure the end of our paper, we have been obliged, from time to time, to deal rather summarily with that class of persons, who evince a greater desire to draw on the contents of scrap-books and obscure newspapers, than on the stores of their own intellects. If you cannot write poetry, why, write prose: but if you can write neither, then say nothing at all, since silence will save you from the contempt as well as from the punishment, so richly deserved by those who endeavor to plume themselves with another's merits. We have not rejected your pieces heretofore, because they were devoid of beauty and even perfection, but simply because they were not yours. We are aware that some of our correspondents felt in all their force the not very desirable compliments which they received on applying for admission to our columns; but we are equally aware - and we regret it - that others either designedly or from some natural failing very adroitly refused to take their part. The sole aim of this paper is to give to all an opportunity for improvement - do not then endeavor to make it a vehicle for productions of men whose

reputation is long since established, and whose names were wafted far and wide on the wings of fame, before you existed. Whatever you do be original and if you fail at first, try again: your efforts will finally be successful.

The mind of man is, by its nature, active. When therefore it fails in achieving great things, it is because the tendency of the body to self-enjoyment restrains its ardor and narrows its sphere. Give loose reins to your genius, by removing all sluggish incumbrances, and you will be surprised at your own power of accomplishing great and what seemed before - impossible things.

Whoever seeks to become notorious by other than his own exertions, shall find a stern judge in Polar, who will never dismiss the guilty until until the last farthing is restored to its rightful owner, thereby giving a salutary lesson to those who would follow in his footsteps. The punishment of the guilty is the shield of the good. If any one seeks to vindicate his innocence by getting out of humor, it is only a stronger proof of its justice. And now, kind readers, leaving you to digest the few remarks we take our leave for the present.

To a Rose,

Thy petals are dripping my fair peerless flower,
With the bright dewy freshness of morn;
Thy fragrance is flung far and wide on the bower,
Which thy humbler companions adorn.

As a casket of brilliants, whose wide-sparkling blaze
Invites all to pause and admire,
Thy dew-laden cup such rare beauty displays,
That we linger, and gaze, and ne'er tire.

But thy treasures to squander the light zephyrs seek,
And in gladness they sportively stray,
And the sunbeam rejoices to mantle thy cheek,
And kiss thy warm blushes away.

Thy bright glowing leaflets the plashing rain beats,
And scatters them spoiled of perfume,
Or the plundering bee comes to rifle thy sweets,
Or the canker lurks near to consume.

So sinks beneath the chilling world's slanderous breath
The heart of worth, honor, and truth,
So yield to the power of insatiate Death
The glories of beauty and youth.

Fin.

Autobiography, a Jkt:

Chapter III

Soon my astonishment began to die away; gravitas was a dominant term to assume their scope; every over a convocation, naturally inclined to forget the difficulties and harassments of the past, when basking in the genial rays of the sun; prosperity. Day after day, new beauties, new wonders presented themselves to my imagination, bewilpered almost intoxicated with strange, astonishing scenes. Everything around me was cheerful, everything bespake joy and delight. scarcely had the tones of the psalm of nature over winter died away, when the mellow strains of the vernal queen's resurrection-hymn stole through the trees with a softness, more alluring and more enchanting than those that fall upon the ear, when in the still and bale shades of night, the imagination, borne on air by wings, fronts us beyond the boundaries of mortality, to wander in the regions of ecstatic bliss and recline on couches of more than fabulous beauty in the mystic labyrinth's and spell-intrails of elysian bethany. And such, too, I was, a sentinel and sentinel not of man's birth and aspiring pretensions, be indifferent to charms compared with which the bounds of the sphere of my world be like the harsh opium of a rat.

The herbs, the grass, the flowers, when their sprouts dress, and, of course, of my mildest green: for of all the colors in the world, this is the most beautiful. Even in the sun in motion: the sprout and sprout, with the wing, and nature dances, in a sort of spiring; the orchard trees with blossoms were white, and for nowwane, how white, rich the sights! The airy, joyful spirit, this thing that always visits us, in early morn, by brook and glade, in tree and bough, found, with laugh and smile and skipping over the ground, on mossy bank, in each leaf, a green, primroses, violets, like night stars were seen. Snow-drop, and lily white and blushing rose regaled the bee with sweet and a repose. The drooping boughs of the weeping willow were assummed, their annual suit of glaze. A willow, a willow, and the oak, monarch of the forest, was immersing in the thinnings of leaves of maturity. The evening with, we are not in the woods, a noisy crowd, and a bethany the birds were singing lowly. Lambs - hope of shepherds - were blithe. To man to see the bethany, and to see, I wished to see their fleecy garbs ministred by the gentle breeze.

Nor was my youth, or so to speak, my insignificance, any obstacle to the bountiful hand of nature, or to the

refinement, with which you have invested her gift upon me. From a tiny bud, it insensibly grew into a little tree, having branches, adorned with leaves and blossoms, and I looked forward, with eagerness and pride, to the day when my age and dignity would place me on an equal footing with the most favored children of the forest: so that my whole time was spent in the enjoyment of my present happiness and the contemplation of my future greatness. In fact, my sanguine hopes, untaught by experience, led me to conceive the most extravagant ideas of the importance of my situation, and to look upon the very shadow

of those elements, built up by a wild imagination, as the harbinger of realized wishes. Hence it cannot appear surprising, if, in the moment of exultation, I defied time and wrote on my dwelling-immortality. However, as the proverb says: "it is tame to bid the devil good-morrow when you meet him," I shall not embitter present joy with future sorrow nor give uneasiness to my friends by forcing from them sympathy for my misery, when perhaps they have greater to bemoan in themselves.

To be continued

Ganchonias then. Your metre entitles you to refection, your sister's painful address to our silence.

Laßt uns von uns

The bollegian

Vol I

No. 20th 1859

No. 5

Autobiography of a Desk Chapter IV

Self, one always leads us to give others that credit for the admiration and esteem of our acts which we feel for them, ourselves, without causing us to think that even the unprejudiced can see faults and defects in what we deem, beyond the reach of criticism. Hence, it not unfeignedly have in this I wrapped up in self-complacencies, or without measuring the interest & patiness of our hearers we launch upon the indulgent reader in the most inconsiderate manner, gloomy descriptions of our successes or difficulties through life, with an air of confidence which would indicate our right to their approval, however inconsistent it might be in their conviction. Now reader, I even I condemn as strongly as you do, such presumption - may I respect it with scorn, as being un congenial with my straightforward nature at innumerable and utterly at variance with the wise feelings and acts, with which I trust, dwell in my bosom. And if I have detained you thus far, not uselessly let me hope, about the success of my work, - sh - ed in mystery, it was not from any desire to trespass on your patiance or your time, much less from any inherent interest in the story; but simply to relate a few incidents, without which the object of my undertaking would fail, and the broken chain of the succeeding success filled with silence. - a sil-

ence of reproach to its author, and though a generous failure an object for the contempt of envious worthlessness

This little digression being so obviously necessary, I need not stop to make any apology to the reader, but simply proceed with my story. For reason of which, I will not detail the details of my transition from boyhood to manhood, - I content myself with that part of my life, most likely to interest and amuse from the nature of the subject. The period at which I now commence, is one of those points in life, when having passed over the follies and inconsiderate conduct of youth we begin to grow serious and drift, with easiness at the fountain of manhood, when we begin to distinguish between fact and sincerity; to appreciate correction and despise hypocritical indulgence; to aspire after greatness, not for its own sake, but as a means of a worthy end; and consider ambition, in its truest and best sense, - which is - an aggrandizement may soar high, to aspire with despatch at the contemplation of its very greatness. It is at such a stage of existence that we are enabled to view calmly and dispassionately the acts of others and decide impartially on their merits. And, good reader, under the impression that I can fully appreciate the force of what I have to relate, - a voice

as well as in theory, I will give in brief an account of the manner, in which I spent the first part of that era in life when the responsibility we owe to ourselves and society begins to make us feel the necessity of its conscientious discharge; making at the same time, such candid remarks as the exigency of circumstances, or the elucidation of the subject may require. With all my acquaintances and companions I had reason to be pleased. Sympathy, indeed, was a prevailing virtue among us: and to such an extent was this carried that whatever one did, all did. Thus, for example, if one lost a limb, the rest were sure to lose others: if one lost a leaf, all, in token of grief cast off a leaf: if one bent before the howling blast, immediately there was an unanimous bending of every one within sight: if a bird built a nest on the branch of one, instantly there was a general cry of "nests! nests!" if an old cawing rook, enfeebled from years, happened to forget the dignity and respect due to so exalted a position, and yield from necessity to the impious diction of a liberated victim had winged its way to realms of freedom.

states of nature, all clamored out for a similar honor. Thus you see I had every reason to be happy, where sympathy took the place of jealousy, and friendship that of etiquette. I regret to say, however, that the same generous spirit did not animate some of our neighbors, who came to settle among us, and whom we received with open hands and warm hearts, in hopes that time and kindness might smooth their rude nature, and soften their fierce disposition. But experience showed how vain were our efforts, and how hopeless our talk; for our kindness was rewarded with insult and our generosity with black ingratitude. Our once peaceful home became the rendezvous of despicable strangers, and tolerated mendicants became our oppressors. The winds that once carried the joyful sound of merry songs to the admiring stars, now wafted the doleful strain of the dirge as hinder death announced, by the clanking of slavery's broken chain, that some

To be continued

Time

In truant youth, while passing by a ruined wall,
I saw a figure stern and sitting near,
As if he would its former pride and fame recall -
He held a measure, which he called a year:

By heedless folly led, I sped my childish way,
By gentle mead, o'er brook, thro' forest gay,
Until the bat and owl announced the parting day,
And evening yielded to night's sable ray.

By that same wall my feet their evening way retraced.
The figure still, so stern, was sitting there.
Only the measure year, by month was now replaced
And wrinkled brows bedecked with graver air.

I sat me down to sleep beneath a lovely bower,
But when I wokē the "month" was changed to hour.
Fearful, amazed and mute! my looks betrayed my fear,
As fierce the form, in wrath, came slowly near.

"Wretch! knowest thou not me", he said in freezing tone.
"Before whose nod kings tremble on their throne,
Nations, like bubbles, rise and pass away.—
Their epitaph - mutation and decay.

"Even while I speall the flitting hour, in haste has gone,
An minute measures life, as it flows on,
Behold how fast thy sands are falling from the glass,
Click! click! click! thus from life to death you pass!"

P. D.

The true Iliad.

At the ruins of Pompeii - Italy, Oct 3rd /59

Dear Mr. Solon,

I have been at this place for more than a year, and after all my labors among these ancient ruins, I have found something which, I imagine, will repay me for all my trouble. It is astonishing! incredible! Will you believe me? I have found a copy of the Iliad of Homer(!) which, judging from its dilapidated state, and almost unintelligible writing, must have been at least four thousand years old. I have read the venerable work with avidity, and I am now fully confirmed in my opinion for which you so often censured me, that the Iliad, as it is now received in our colleges, is

full of faults, and not worthy of the price of poets. I wish you could see the whole work, but as this is impossible, I will send you the translation of a few lines that you may see how superior is the original to the present text they study at Saint John's. I can't one of the meetings of the Greeks.

"And first the bally should, as Herodotus arising, flood up: and there will be a roar the assembly of the Greeks like that of night when there is no wind. But at the spoke the people were troubled and tumult and noise prevailed, tremolous a mighty roar disturbed in the northern gulf. But when

"Until now, therefore, indeed, the divine son of Peters was silent, but his wrath, like a thundercloud, gathered on his forehead 'foretelling a fierce. He rose at length - he stood forth, godlike, full of loftiness and full of terror. By the uppermost and full of sovereign defiance against the noble Grumblinias, and the wife of Ulfing, I remember it, it was when he was compressed with rage, his eye flashed lightning, his crest uplifted was like a king he appeared mighty and terrible to behold, like unto a rooster crowing in early morn. Presently he began to speak, standing upright and stiff, like unto a goffer, but his frame shook all over, and his head he moved with dignity and force; and his words were as

in a burning flame, and his look's, awful
to behold. The Greeks were abashed and
terrified. ¶

Then in the bright noon he
was from high. Glorious in the induration
of his mind, and the eminence and
dignity of the Achaeans sent the messenger
of the gods to moderate the wrathful son
of Thetis. Swift as lightning, the red-
cheeked and comely Iris flew and un-
noticed by those who were far off, she
brought to the ear of the great shalling
son of Peleus, and poured into his soul
the wisdom of the gods. Having listened
therefore and his anger being appeased,
forthwith he stretched out his right arm,
and his hand was clenched, except one
finger, which he held forth with great
eloquence. But when he stopped, the
red-cheeked smile Iris, being behind,
spoke in words pleasant and wise,
which fell as soothing balm on the souls
of the Greeks. His eloquence was like the
voice of cricket, singing under a blade of
grass in autumn.

"Now, I, I think, the well-built Greeks rejoiced a great deal, clapping their hands. But the bulky-shouldered Achilles, the son of the Horse-taming Peleus, and commanded him, being the best of all in size, to proclaim the amity between the fair-ruing son of Atreus and the rest. That young Achilles, the Greek was of the middle size, but stout: his appearance, as to his countenance was wild: he looked about with apprehension in his eyes, and looked like a wild goat, hemmed in by the hunters: but when he opened his mouth, then in respect of his skill in his voice,

and the powers of his throat: for some hearing, were pleased, and others, on account of the loudness, were frightened but others were affected both ways. For now his voice would be pleasant and joyful, then mournful and vanishing, and presently powerful, like the roaring of the lion, or the midnight song of the jackass. After this there was a great noise in the assembly, being all pleased with the words of Philopates; but the disorder increasing the wise Nestor arose, stumbling, for he was strongly weak on account of age, but in wisdom, he was weakly strong: for he spake of many things about the heavens and the stars, and of the man in the moon; and all, not understanding, were very much pleased. It was indeed wonderful, that from so small a body should come forth such great voice, sneaking wisdom. For, though he was terrible in battle, and many a Trojan owned his prowess, his size was exceedingly small, looking like a tree, which the storm had blasted, and there remains but the stump. But his words were exceedingly wise; and at last when he spake of a certain man, called Gethoony, the Greeks were troubled, not understanding, and looking at one another would say: 'Who is this man?'

Whereupon the double-footed Ulysses, ever wary and subtle, rose up majestically, and lifting up his eyes, spake thus: 'I son of great Atreus, and you other Greeks, I see that you are troubled, because of the word of Nestor: but he spake wisdom, indeed, - There is salvation in his saying. For you sons of war, never learnt wisdom, wherefore you do not understand. Gethoony, indeed, is one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived many winters ago, teaching many things incomprehensible: indeed, in my

own, when he was a youth, I have often studied under him, because I was apt to be caught up the science of the heavens concerning the stars and the clouds and the winds and the sublime matters. (He indeed was very wise but some say that he was crazy: and I came near death by falling into a well, while I was watching the stars.) From it is known to me how to contrive a plan for taking the city of Troy: let a wooden horse be made according to the science of the great Gethoony: let its body be four perpendiculars, its body a parallelepipedon, its neck a cone, and so every thing mathematically made, and when all is ready, by Jupiter, we shall take Troy. The Greeks gave their assent, and would have commenced the work forthwith, but wise Nestor said it was not amiss, a Barbarian having come into the camp. Whereupon they all were angry and filled the winds with their cries, wishing to tear him to pieces, but the chiefs calmed them saying: 'Let him speak, let him speak.' But the Barbarian, not knowing Greek sat in the middle silent: forthwith, however he produced an instrument, and began to play upon it in the manner of barbarians. And indeed his music seemed as eloquent as the words of those who spake: for the people rejoiced and let him up.

It was wide the King of the Ethiopians, who had come from very far to see the Greeks, and stood in the midst of the assembly. First now, a voice they greeted him, and then there was a general silence. He indeed stood with his hand on his chin looking down. - Nestor said: 'He is disheartened: - the Greeks cannot - groan: - he was instead like a person in the desert, that had lost its mate. At length he spoke, lamenting, and said:

many things about the misfortunes of the Greeks, who often interrupted him, lamenting. He was indeed very eloquent, particularly his arms that went up and down, so that there was scarcely room for him: while his speech was most sweet, often ending with these remarkable words: *kai tadda, kai tadda!* But he spoke in parables and his comparisons were truly sublime.

"And many others without number spoke in the assembly, distinguishing themselves. One particularly distinguished himself, and seemed gifted by the gods; for he spoke of sublime things, and being applauded he was bashful, his face shining like that of the sun. A fair youth also Ophirus, the son of swift-footed Achilles, spoke: like unto his father his speech was violent, but in battle he was fierce, running about swift, like unto a cat pursued, and shouting and urging on the fight, for every one

knew him by his hair being red. It was now late in the night, and some of the ancients being weary, laid their heads on their hands and slept: when the sage Balaus arose, holding in his hands the oracles of the far-darting Apollo, and he foretold therefrom many evils, sneaking of ghostly appearances and other dreadful signs. His voice was hollow and low, coming as if from the bottom of his belly. Many of the Greeks grew sorrowful and dreary silence bespread the assembly. But the sons of great Atreus and other Greeks were incensed, and when he had finished the bulky-shouldered Menelaus got up, and other chiefs followed, and there was great confusion; and amid the noise, these words could be heard: *ougg!* and *teiyag!* which being interpreted signify, "let him be hung, for he is a thief!"

Orestes, son of Adolphus.

To Erin

O Erin! a cloud, with calamity fraught,
Dark, terrible, over thee hangs,
And in the dim gloom of the far future, naught
Seest thou but dire slavery's pangs.

Fell tyranny has, with her treacherous snare,
In bondage thy brave children bound,
And made thy green fields a bleak wilderness, where
Black misery only is found.

To flee from proud Albion's despotic hand
The home of their childhood they leave,
And seeking support in some more friendly land,
O'er thy mournful destiny grieve.

The blood of thy heroes thy meadow! have died,
Who, fighting for liberty, fell,
And 'neath thy green soil they repose side by side.
Where they struggled so long and so well.

Their death on the battle-field, gory and red,
Caused many a heart-rending tear,
And shall thou, O Erin! for whom they have bled,
The sweet voice of Freedom never hear?

In peace let them rest in their dark, narrow bed.
Where now they so silently sleep,
And as o'er their ashes thy sons lightly tread,
For thy fate let them silently weep.

But while they lament in this valley of woe,
And pine for the cold, quiet tomb,
Religion's clear flame with a bright, hallowed glow
Illumines their sadness and gloom.

And yet, while in servitude's fitters a curse,
Neath England's proud banner they fight,
The chains that had bound other nations they burst,
And bear to them Freedom's blest light.

O! why do they not haughty Albion's King
From their down-trodden island exile,
And then, 'neath fair Liberty's sheltering wing,
In concord and happiness dwell.

Its mist that overshadows the beauty of morn,
And hides Nature's charms from the view,
Oppression has made thee all dismal and mourn,
And thy tears thine own shamrock bedew.

But soon may dear Freedom, in splendor, arise,
And shine kindly again upon thee,
And effacing the tears that now dim thy bright eyes
Make thee glorious, happy, and free.

By bid.

To Our Readers

We are obliged to you for the kind reception you have given to the first auto-graphed number of the "Collegian." We, no doubt, surprised the greater number of you by the unusual dress, which we put on; but this surprise great as it was, was not as great as the admiration, expressed for several of the pieces we have published. "The History of a Duck" continues to amuse, by its facetiousness, and will appear in as pleasant a strain as it has hitherto kept, until it has fulfilled its mission, that is to say, until it has exhausted itself in narrating its history. We would also state that this piece embodies in itself the beauties of poetry, robed in the most fascinating prose. Again, the verses on the "Past" seem to have awakened thoughts of "lang syne," pleasant and mournful to the soul, and many a one has felt that the pictures, there presented, have been drawn from life, and painted with moving fidelity. "To a Rose" is a piece that challenges comparison with any that has appeared in the columns of "The Goose-Quill," and of other renowned college gazettes, and the author will accept your thanks for his beautiful composition. Now fellow-students our paper is in - a fair way of keeping hold of your hearts, and working upon them by the simple and touching appeals, which it makes. We try to enkindle all the good qualities of your soul, by every means in our power, and we ask of others to do the same. We do not swell on politics; we care not

for "old Brown" and his fanatical followers, but we care only for our glorious Union, and it is to that purpose that we have presented to you, in this number, a model, on which we may gaze, as Catholic Americans, with admiration, and in whose footsteps we may not fear to tread with safety: this model is Charles Carroll of Carrollton. We would willingly receive any biographical sketches of character, for character forms the main feature in a man's life.

These deeds spring from his character, which may be good or bad: hence our desire to draw into light those traits, which show nobleness of soul. Catholic heroes in all stations of life must be the subjects for your pens: to place them before your fellow-students, in all their glory, - but not so obscured and clouded a glory, with which Protestant historians have enveloped them; - and in removing the mists from their fair fame, you will find that they shine with more splendor and brilliancy, than you yourself had imagined. "our yourselves may hope to obtain as proud a name before the eyes of all time." They were once as you were. Many of them passed through college life, with all its hardships and toils. You must not always confine yourselves to a blind reverence for heroes who professed themselves Protestant, but must endeavor to contrast your Catholic ancestry with them, and you will find that in the comparison Catholics will not suffer.

The two Butterflies

By early snow two butterflies
Unwarily were caught.
One winter's cold and darkening skies
Bame, with destruction fraught.

The beauteous pair went forth al morn
To bask in autumn's ray.
Unconscious of the brewing storm
That burst upon their way.

Thus oft when youth unguided roam
From parent's kind restraints,
To turn th' imagined ill of home
For joys that fancy paints.

Still wander on, with heedless air
Allured by fairy smile
Which charms a hope that tells their care
Till death completes the gale

By Viator

Biographical Essay.

Charles Carroll

It has been the custom of late years to pass over with lightness the deeds and services of our fathers, in order to give a more prominent place to those of their Protestant compatriots who helped to lay the foundation-stone, upon which was reared mightily the tower of our independence. Americans we certainly admire and revere the names of Horatio Paine, Samuel Adams and others, not less renowned in the Revolutionary cause; but we cannot, in rising them, forget that as high-souled patriots as they as noble in interest as they possessed, was found in almost every number of those in the cause who professed the Catholic faith. To assert that the Church is hostile to freedom, that it is hostile to republican freedom, is to erase from the history of the world all of those in

the veteran European hero, who gave his life for liberty under the walls of Savannah. to tear from it the records that bears the deeds of the youth who, in the cause of their country, and in the cause of their God, gave their lives in the field of battle. Let us, then, in our admiration of the former, not forget the merits of John Barry "half Irishman, half Yankee." Yes, it would make a void in the body of Statesmen, that signed the glorious Declaration, and in that body of men who framed our Constitution, for the name of Carroll should be wanting. How distinguished, then, is the name of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, leaving for others the biography of John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, and of Daniel Carroll, representative in Maryland to the convention that framed the Constitution.

Charles Carroll was born in Annapolis, Maryland, on the eighth of October (O.S.) 1737. His parents were Charles Carroll, son of an Irish settler in Maryland, and Elizabeth Broocks, daughter of a wealthy widow, a woman endowed with great natural talents, such as were required for the times in which she lived. To educate their child was a task of great difficulty, for there was not one Catholic school or public church at the service of the Irish, in any of the thirteen colonies. The Jesuits, ever watchful for the temporal as well as for the spiritual interests of those to whom in their way were forbidden to minister, without attracting the notice of the government, had established a grammar school at a small place called Bohemia, near Annapolis. To this was young Charles sent, to learn the principles of his religion, and to receive a preparatory course of instruction, prior to his departure for Europe. He had, for fellow-students, his two cousins, John Carroll and Robert Brent. With these at the age of eleven, he was placed in the English Jesuit's College, at St. Omer, where he remained six years, then he passed one year in the college at Rheims, and then two years in the College of Louis le Grand. After this he went to study civil law at Bourges, from which he returned to his college at Paris: so that he had more college-days than students now have. At the age of twenty, he took lodgings in the Inner Temple, at London, where he pursued a course of common law, till the year 1754, when the troubles between the colonies and England having sprung up, he bade a final adieu to Europe and its associations, to seek the home of his infancy, an accomplished scholar, in every sense of the word, a wise lawyer, which his after life proved, and a devout Catholic. Such was Charles at the age of twenty seven.

The Stamp Act threw the whole country into convulsions by the arbitrary principle upon which it was based. The subject of our sketch gave his whole attention to watching the effect, which such unjust measures as the British Parliament was then deliberating to inflict on the colonies, would bring about, and he clearly foresaw that there was no other means of escaping taxation than by total independence. Fearing an uprising, England repealed the obnoxious act, except the clause containing a tax on tea, the principle of right of taxation being still maintained: which aroused a spirited opposition in the colonies. Mr. Carroll, wield ing the weapons of a sound logic, and bringing to bear on the question the erudition he had amassed in that nursery of lawyers, the Temple, attacked it through the press, and proved conclusively to the representatives of the British government the utter impracticability of the attempt to force the Americans to recede from their position. The case of the "Tea-Party" Stewart, which had entered dinner-plate, freighted with tea, was submitted to prove it was the reverence the country already had for him, - to his judgment. And when he said: "Burn the ship to the water's edge", it was done. Another circumstance shows that character in the clearest light. It was a question about "the regulation of fees", as it was called. By the closest reasoning, in a series of papers he had written, he showed the falsity of the governor's position, in endeavoring to regulate by proclamation the fees of public officers. When, under the signature of the "First Citizen", he had silenced all opposition, the press teemed with his praises, and a committee were appointed publicly to thank him, who had so nobly and so ably defended right against its enemies. But on becoming

known, he was greeted with cries of "Traitor." "We are in a quiet, and it is, every way, a time of abuse. The Revolution was coming on slowly but surely, silently coming on: and when it did come, it found Charles Carroll at his post, in the vanguard of freedom, first among the friends of colonies for all the called then in America, not one is recorded to have been of all his country. He acted here in the hour of her need. This is a fact, bear it in mind. Catholic Americans, and rejoice that it was so.

Princeton, Concord, and the neighboring villages of Boston were bedewed with the blood of men defending their rights and liberties from invasion. This was the signal for the Whites, and the year 1775 saw Congress in session on operations necessary for the successful completion of their bold undertaking. At this time Charles Carroll went to Philadelphia, then the seat of government, where his voice and able defence of the colonies had attracted him. Congress saw his ability and appointed a committee, consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, not then a member of the body, requesting, at the same time, to procure of, or, if possible, to recover, the services of John Carroll. The object of this committee was, to proceed to Canada, and endeavor to remove the British troops, who in the "age of rights" had raised up against the colonies, and who had contained every man denunciatory of the Catholic religion, the religion of the Pope. The mission failed, because remained faithful to England. Charles Carroll and Mr. Chase stayed to superintend the operations of the troops, while Benjamin Franklin and John Carroll returned to Congress. Thus soon did an intimacy spring up between these two great men.

But the next year brought about a differ-

ent state of affairs. On the seventh day of June 1776, Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution into Congress to this effect: "Resolved, that these United States are, and ought to be, free and independent states. That they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be dissolved;" supporting this resolution at the same time, by one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard within the walls of the congress. Mr. Carroll was not a delegate at the moment of Congress; but he saw that the delegates from Maryland could not vote, according to the too severe instructions from their legislature. He went to Maryland, got their repeal of the instructions, took his seat as a delegate, and signed the Declaration on the 2nd of August.

After leaving Congress he filled positions of great trust in his native state; was once United States Senator, but finally withdrew from public life in 1801.

Thus I have endeavored briefly to sketch the public life of our hero. He was an upright, able statesman, who performed with conscientious scrupulosity all his manifold duties, and satisfied at the same time, religion and his country. This was the beacon light that shone in the darkness of Revolution and showed to his country the quicksands and shoals which they should avoid, - bigotry and intolerance. By his means was the government of Maryland reformed in all that regards persecutions. His character in all his transactions is that of a man of principle, - of firm, sound, & catholic principle. He yielded nothing of his rights to civil or religious tyranny, and for the salvation of these rights, for a noble adherence to them.

our boast. As a legislator, he was actuated by the purest motives, so much so, that his honesty or truth was never once doubted. As a private citizen, he strictly obeyed the laws, and shed around him an influence, at once pure and elevating. As a Catholic, his life abounds in acts of charity and liberality. Thus lived the patriarch of America: his co-laborers in the work of Independence had sunk, one by one, into the tomb: all had gone, save him. He was soon to follow.

At the age of ninety-two, after having received the last rites of the Church, in which he had lived with so much glory to himself and to his country, he breathed his last. Thus Catholicity has vindicated her right to the soil, which she moistened with the blood of her devoted sons. She lives in the brave Pulaski, in heroic Lafayette, and in the glorious name of Carroll.

Americanus

Answers to Correspondents

Rhelou. We mighty save you from the punishment, so justly merited for the liberty you have taken with our name. Charity prompts us to leave you in your natural element, obscurity; for, accustomed to view yourself in the mirror of vanity, you would expire in the light of criticism.

Jacobus. Received, but there is such a similarity between your handwriting and that of a noted plagiarist, that we feared to publish your piece, thinking that you and he might be the same person. However, we shall examine it and if our suspicions are engrossed, shall willingly insert it.

Josephus. You have drawn largely on Campbell. In his piece on "The Rainbow," we also find "woven in the sky, and roof of beams." As an example of the similarity we give a verse from each of the pieces.

Josephus.

Campbell

The rose to the her sweetness yields,
The birds a welcome sing.

The earth to thee her intense yields

The lark thy welcome sings,

When bending ^{over} the vernal fields
The modest cowslip springs.

When glittering in the freshened fields

The snowy mushroom springs.

Kaenem. Your "Drinking Song" induces us to believe that your naturally runny brain must have been laboring hard to extricate itself from an unusual amount of "lager beer" dregs. Even if Solon were desirous to publish it, the authorities of the house would never allow it.

Nemo. Your piece makes us think that you would be favorably received by the critics. Suppose, you pay the mine a visit and send us your "Invocation," dressed in the latest style of Parnassus. Try it for the next number of the Collegian.

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

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No. 6.

Autobiography of a Desk Chapter. V

The most deformed thing the imagination can conceive is gratitude deformed by treachery: the most detestable of beings is he who repays hospitality with slander, and murders the reputation of his benefactor by falsehood. Whether I have any right to complain of this or not will be seen in the sequel. As I said in a former chapter, there came to our neighborhood a tree which was generally known as the "Bull-tree" owing to its power of arousing every old cow, as a Yankie would say both "male and female" in the neighborhood, and also for its very ugly proportions, having immense protuberances both in front and rear. In the puddles and pools which its old branches shaded, the "swine" tribes rolled and grunted with an air of indifferent contentment that proved most conclusively that they were at home. Then came along in due time various kinds of animals which never failed to leave around its roots unmistakable marks of their presence. In fact, life became wearisome, and I began to meditate seriously

on suicide, and by Hercules, was on the point of taking the fatal draught, when my de signs were completely frustrated by the arrival of two men with huge axes on their arm, long-tailed coats, high straw hats, big belts around their body, high-heeled boots with points turned up, a la Chinese demure countenances and very slow gait. However their deliberations about my fate were remarkably short, and they commenced in a most inhuman way to hack and slash my sides so vigorously that my whole frame began to tremble. It was to no purpose that I reminded them of the courtesy which my situation no less than the laws of civilized society entitled me to: every word, uttered in my own defence, was answered with the most cutting gentry on their part. One would say: "Gougeous, mon fré", and the other would answer: "Yea, mei brooder, I will shatter him like yon 'ero'." Mevr. York, a it a hard 'un to be hit mit himself! Unzlearry longer I was with such treatment, I excisured, with tears rolling down my cheeks: "O your

conduct towards me is not very brotherly: I beg of you, therefore, to stop, before you take my life, if you have a spark of humanity in your heads." "Oh! you at your leisure!" was the answer. "I will," said the other; "not so much strong bat that he will not speak before him self soon otherward; and then bang went the ponderous axes against my aching sides, until my head reeled and I came tumbling, with a tremendous crash to the ground. I was now completely at their mercy and they soon deprived me of my branches, and placed me on a conveyance, which was drawn by an animal, with two horns on its head two eyes in its face, a mouth, a pair of ears, and a long tail, and four legs, two of which were under the front part of body and two under the hind part. In this manner I

was soon at a place, called the 'Carpenter Shop', where a man with two eyes, one looking towards his nose, and the other in an opposite direction, began to fay me: after which he cut me up into several parts, in a manner which would have shamed a barbarian. He next began to bore holes through me, which he filled up to suit himself with monstrous nails that he obtained from a consequential little man next door. After undergoing many operations of the kind I was metamorphosed into my present shape and plastered over with a most disgusting coat of stuff, called paint, and left in the sun to dry, preparatory to my transportation to some other place, which the fraternal council had not yet decided upon.

To be continued.

Repentance.

By Ed

Along a path, with brilliant flowers besrewed,
In search of guilty pleasure hurries on
The impious wretch, whose every thought is sin,
Though bright the road, he follows, seem, and round
The false delights, yet horrid gloom a deep
And dark abyss conceals, where soon his soul,
By crime defiled, will dwell in hopeless woe
For an eternity. But as he still
His wicked course pursues, lurid on by joy
Ere long to end in dreadful misery,
He sees his folly in destruction seeking,
And while his soul this scene begins to hate,
An angel, clothed in splendor, comes and takes
The weeping sinner by the hand. Into
A thorny road they turn, where as they tread
The hard and rugged way, sweet hope they see
And hurrying them on and pointing up to Heaven.

Invocation to Hope

O thou bright oasis in the desert of this life's trou-
bles! thou leading star in the firmament of
doubt and inconstancy, how dearly art thou
fostered in the heart of the Christian and the
Pagan. The one, worn down with the cares
and anxieties of this life, looks to thee as the
key to the entrance of that life, where joy
knows no end: the other, whose charms
and sorceries are the bane of his present and
future sees thee in the light of a blind god-
dess, beckoning him on to the fields of Elys-
ium, and dazzled by the false creation
of his own imagination, follows blindly
on. The one sees in thee the bright chain
which binds him to eternity: the other
the shackles in which a life of good or ill
will bind him. O thou natural desire which

fills the breast of every man, what would we
be without thee? When the cold wind of
adversity has swept over us, and levelled
us with the earth, thou comest forth,
like a bright and warm luminary, to call
us into renewed existence. When in life,
that is to say, we see for every mutual
sign of love, those who should have been
to us the current of each little current
of joy or sorrow; those whom the world calls
'friends'. When all these have turned from
us with cold, disheartening looks, then we
can turn to thee, that made dearer to us, and
read our fate in thy mirror, which reflects back
to us a vision of future happiness, in the
presence of Heim, who looks not without,
but seeks into the inmost recesses of our hearts.

Nemo

To a Lily.

'Hail beauteous flower, queen of the winding vale!
For thee were made the shower, the vernal gale;
Thy grassy couch, embalmed with floral dew
The gentle moon bedecks with silvery hue.
In thy formation Nature drained her store,
And all her art can equal thee no more.
Thy peerless shape the twinkling stars admire,
And then behind the weeping clouds retire.
For thee, meandering streams, and their course
And rustling brooks forsake their babbling source.
The bee with longing eye surveys thy cheek,
Yet plunders not a form so mildly meek.
Gay zephyrs sport in mazes round thy bower,
And own the spells of such enchanting power.
The rose beneath its blush conceals a thorn
But thou art beauty's type in fairest form.'

So shines the soul in heavenly robes of grace,
When earth for virtue has no dwelling-place.
And wily, rose-like charms, concealing crime
Allure, till life has spent th' allotted time.

By Nomura

To Our Readers

It is the duty of every editor to treat with severity all who attempt to impose on them by striving to publish plagiarised pieces, or to bore the public with the extravagant outpourings of a brain, not yet able to distinguish between sense and absurdity. We have often been obliged to act thus, in account of the bare-faced and almost insulting manner in which persons devoid of all sense of shame, asked us to insert productions, sent in as original, but in reality copied from some well-known author. We know not who our contributors are nor do we wish to know, for then the task of refuting would be doubly disagreeable to us. We would prefer to receive no contributions than to be tormented thus; for, as we have always said, no piece will be published in the *Collégian*, unless its originality be fully established. There are reasons for this. It would not redound much to our credit if our paper were filled with plagiarisms, which would most assuredly be the case if we admitted every contribution, sent in, if we know not by whom. but after all it would not be such a reproach to us, since it is not to be expected that we have read every piece of poetry it it was ever written. This is we know, a most negligent way to do, but... which varieties of vulgarities, &c. it is more in need to soliloquize

(1)
Prunes

At mid-day in the kitchen broad
The cook sat dreaming of the hour,
When all the students would declaim
Against his cruel power.
In truth through all the house he bore
A name and reputation sore;
In truth he heard the boys deplore.
Then seized his crown, an upturned can,
Then pressed the kitchen-throne, - a man
As handy with the grill and pan
As any there before.

I was dinner time, - the cook arose, -
Those awful thoughts were past;
He rose to hear the brothers cry:
"The boys! they come! O Fre're, be spry!"
He rose and ordered here and there
The men the prune-jars to prepare,
And fill the dishes all as fast.
As thought: then soon with men so proud
Is heard with voice as trumpet loud
The "Savage" cheer them so:
"Prunes! till the last one disappear
"Prunes! for them during all the year
"Prunes! they are the best things here
"Prunes! they're bound to go"

They gathered dishes, great and small,
They piled them full e'en to the brim,
They smiled: but then the students all
Grimbled and were most grim.
The many ready waiters saw
Their faces from behind the door,
And they began to grin
But soon the boys looked glad with joy,
As brighter thoughts their minds employ,
When they could well "julch on".

Come to the basket near, my boys,
Come to McGowan when he feels
For the first time your 'twenty five;
Come where the quiet meals
You will like can be truly had,
Where every thing to make a lad
Feel good is seen, and where no trash
Called prunes, lies heaped up in a mash;
But where in little hills arise,
Good piles of cruller'd tart and pies
And such little things which none despise,
All to be had for cash.

By Bensor.

Mr Micawber's Challenge.

Mr. Solon,
Sir

I find it expedient to communicate to you that the undersigned it crushed it would be useless to endeavor to hide from the world by some flickering effort- what if not yet known, will soon appear in the light of the luminous morn of day, that the undersigned is crushed. My dignity, my honor, my character are involved in the darkening shades of midnight; hope is setting behind the horizon: the bark (if allowed to use the aqueous metaphor) is sinking never more to rise! But, Sir, my dignity, my honor, my character, thus debauched by malicious tongues and nefarious pens, I am bound in justice to humanity and in justice to society to defend and clarify in the purifying fires of public opinion.

If then, Sir, you have any part in our humanity, you will feel the calamitous fall of a blameless character; and hearing the expiring groans of the

undersigned insert these remarks in your luminous pages and allow a fellow-man to communicate with his fellow-man.

My high position in society and the knowledge of my own heart, has hitherto forbidden me to notice the insignificant attacks of little minded critics. Nay, I despise them as I would the contemptible bites of a dwarf. But, Sir, the cloud, no larger than the hand in the horizon, has become a terrific storm, and I must grapple with the gigantic foe, or conquer or perish in the attempt. My defamation is in the mouth of every individual that composes society: from the highest dignitary of the state to the ignominious peasant of the field; in the habitation of the great, in the shanty of the native, in the court, in the market-place, all proclaim my disgrace. This storm, this upheaving of pub-

his opinion. I notice and not the whims of little minds; the last I despise, the first I seek to overcome, and clearing up the misty clouds, reveal myself, and with body erect, and face upright, face un-daubed my fellow-man.

I am ever generous towards my fellow-man, but insult is a crime that must be avenged: therefore I cannot pass unnoticed the libellous production of Gretes son of Adolphus; I must resent it as a duty I owe to my humanity.

Therefore hereby I challenge the said Gretes, son of Adolphus to meet me in mortal combat in any place

he chooses to appoint on the terrestrial orb at any time within the range of sixty hours. As for weapons, I am indifferent; let it be any contrivance of arm the shape of pistols, or the natural means of attack and defence which Providence has placed in the muscle of every individual. My second is Hon. Mr. Gleave-peet. But if the said gentleman desire an arrangement my terms are the immediate recall of his Blad.

To such extremities and bloody steps is reduced the undersigned to have the remains of the once

unblemished
character

Wilkins Neicauber

My Mother.

My mother died when I was young
And nothing but a child
Her pretty face I can recall,
It was so very mild.

She often took me on her knee
And sung for me a song
Her pretty voice it was so sweet
I shall remember long.

But now she is dead and with the God
Whom she adored always
And up in Heaven now she sings
His glory and His praise.

By Junius

Editor. We have inserted your piece in order to encourage and not on account
of any extraordinary merit, for it is inferior to most of the pieces in the
Collegian. Editor.

Forget me not.

Fond memory's flower of azure die,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave
When in Death's narrow cell I lie,
Oh! bloom around my lonely grave.
And if some kind and faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me, "Forget me not."

By Ovid

Answers to Correspondents.

Pixon Unfortunately your piece was lost before we had time to examine it. Please send it to us again.

Alpheus Your "Rustic Sketch" was very good, but we would prefer pieces of a more serious character. Try your pen at something else.

Micawber We have inserted your "challenge," but we would rather receive productions of a higher stamp from your flowing pen. You will be always acceptable.

Junius Try and improve: we have inserted your piece of poetry in order to encourage you. We trust that your next contribution will be superior to your first.

Censor Your piece on "prunes" is very good. Try some more of the same kind. They will always find a place in the Collegian.

N.P.B. The next numbers of the Collegian will not be published until the Thursday before Christmas. We desire our contributors to send in their pieces before next Sunday, as it is a great source of inconvenience to us when we receive contributions two or three days before the paper is published. Be punctual therefore in sending your pieces before next Sunday or in the early part of next week.

We also direct the attention of our Readers to the piece entitled, "Forget me not." We hope to be able to favor them with many more such pieces from the same author.

Solon

...bor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

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No. 7.

Washington Irving

Irving is dead. Another spirit has departed from earth: another form now minglest with its kindred clay. From every hamlet arises the voice of grief, deploreding the death of one dear to every American: in every city is heard the voice of sorrow, mourning the loss of him, whose name has ever been the boast of our country; with tearful eyes Columbia bends over the form of her Irving, and takes the last farewell look of that benign countenance, which had always cheered the sick and sorrowful with a happy smile. She presses the cold hand that had recorded the deeds of mighty heroes, and related the touching tale of poverty and misfortune: and then turning away, weeps afresh for her beloved child. Yes, Irving has paid that debt incumbent on every man, and ere this he has appeared before the tribunal of the God, from Whom he receives his being, and his greatness, and to Whom he has rendered a strict account of that life, given him to advance the glory of his Master, and to benefit his fellow-men.

But he was not snatched away in the bloom of youth, nor had friends to mourn the death of their cherished companion, torn from them in the full vigor of manhood. His hair was white with the frost of age when he left this world for a far brighter, far happier home.

Born in 1783, Washington Irving came into existence in the same year as the glorious republic, which he was destined to adorn, shook off the yoke of tyranny, and reared the flag of freedom, a round which the indigent and the oppressed now assemble in peace and happiness. It is needless to give a detailed account of his long and useful career. He mingled not in the mire and tumult of business, or joined in the exciting contest for office. In his quiet retirement he devoted himself to the silent but laborious task of composition. His best masterpieces, *Alhambra*, *India*, of New York, without failing the greatest delight

But what can we say of his last and greatest
u. R. his life & Washington? There will the
American find a truthful record of the deeds
of their fathers who so nobly left home
in country to take up arms in defence of
the outraged rights. Heaven granted him
time to complete the life of him who had
blessed him, when a infant, and after whom
he received the name of Washington.

Death has robbed us of a prize unmeasur-
ably great, which will never be replaced:
for no one ever delighted the fancy or in-
structed the mind more than Irving;
blending pleasure and usefulness. Two
bright stars have sunk beneath America's
horizon: Prescott and Irving are gone and
Bancroft alone remains. While we sorrow
for that great and good man: while we
mourn for two of our brightest historians;
for who is so callous as not to weep for their
death? - we still cling to him whom God
has spared to write the annals of his
country, and sincerely hope that his life
may be as long and as happy as the life
of him who was so suddenly taken from
our midst.

No gorgeous pomp followed him to
the tomb. In his humble grave he rests
close to her whom he loved so well, and
who guided his infant years in the path

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
There shall the morn her sweet ears beslow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings overshadow
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

of truth. Oft will his tomb be decked with
bright colored garlands, and the dewy flow-
ers of May, intertwined by children's hands,
as a tribute of affection to him whom they
had so dearly loved and who in return had
loved them, gladdening their youthful
hearts with a cheering smile and delighting
their minds with artless tales. Many a tear
will be shed over the place, where he now
sleeps after a life of virtue and goodness, and
as the sturdy farmer catches a glimpse of
the grassy mound, his eyes will be dimmed
when he thinks of the great and just man
who reposes beneath the flowery turf.
Tither will the citizens of America and
the pilgrims from beyond the broad At-
lantic throng, anxious to see the grave
of Washington Irving and Columbia
will ever watch over it as the last home of
her bright writer and her matchless
son.

Yes farewell, O Irving! thou best of
mankind. Thy name shall be a "house-
hold word", and thy memory shall live
in the heart of every lover of worth.
The whole world will be filled with thy
renown: and Europe will join with
America in mourning thy loss. Rest
then in thy dark and narrow bed, sur-
rounded by those you loved best.

On Irving

No pompous epitaph need mark thy tomb,
For merit brightens e'en in death's dark gloom,
The halo of thy star will glow for ages,
And light thy name thro' Time's deep, misty pages.
Let not thy fame be dimmed by empty praise
Nor art attempt a monument to raise,
Where worth and genius only dare combine
To weave a crown from glory's fadeless vine.
Then math the grassy sod, untroubled rest
"By all the wishes of thy country, blessed"

Ponnalus.

Irving's Death

"Comment est mort cet homme puissant?" Well may every lover of literature ask this question. So seldom, indeed, do great men appear among us, that when they do come we could almost wish them immortal. But it is not so; the forbidden fruit has placed man under death's dominion, and when he wants a victim we must obey. Only a few days ago his impious hand was stretched forth, to pluck another star from the bright galaxy that shone so resplendent in the firmament of American literature. Yes, the biographer of Washington has finished his mortal journey; he has crossed the threshold of eternity, and would that we could find words to bestow upon

him his just meed of praise. "Vis, si j'e
read that such a stately writer, life
of Washington, without being almost
as巍然, if he were an actor or that
great statesman, I should suffer you
and all the sensations against which
the consciousness of death would
run with such a rare constancy? Here
the account of his burial in Green-Wood
residence in the Alhambra and you will
be hardly able to persuade yourself
that you, too, have not been set in
the wind, mountain, and river! From the
mid-day sun, in the shade of the stately
palm or under the hawing branches
of orange grove that screen the valley
of the "land of chivalry."

To speak of all his works would require too much space: still we cannot pass over in silence one of the most universally admired of his all his productions, - the biography of the author of the "Deserted Village". The artless grace with which he brings the life and writings of that distinguished, but too late admired bard, to our mind, enlists our sympathy as keenly.

... behalff of the misery which his generous enterprise brought upon him, as if... he were witness of his midnight hours in his lonely unfurnished garret. Well and triumphantly has the pen of Irving defended him from the sneers of his inferiors.

Yet what pen shall tell of his own worth? Ah! the deeds of his life shall be his biographer. He wants no other. These shall be the pedestal on which his fame

shall rest. The olive and the bay, entwining in their eternal verdure will shade his grave: the place where his star descended in the plenitude of a glorious career, will become hallowed: the sanctuary of the memory shall guard it from oblivion, and genius, with the shield of gratitude will screen it from the effacing hand of time. Pardon, magnanimous shade! this feeble tribute from the willing pen of an admirer. An let thy lifeless ashes rest peacefully in the Alhambra of death. - the workmanship of sin - will the bright lawn of the eternal morning shall waken from the slumber of the tomb and the dread trumpet shall proclaim the second advent of the Messiah, not as the Savior of fallen man, but as the severe Judge of man, redeemed from the stain of Edens sin.

By Aliquis

Epitaph.

While fair Columbia, writhed in sorrow, weeps
Beneath this grassy mound her Irving sleeps:
From her embrace by death relentless, torn
To brighter climes by angels he is borne.
His name by nations mournfully is breathed
His grave with glory's laurel green is wreathed.
This spot by Freedom's hand is sacred made.
Where she the relics of her son has laid.

By Bid. 

The Autobiography of Dick

Chapter II

Well, what's up again? -
no, nothing, at there is that big, long-
eared fellow in the corner, who moves
to me that I am "more awake" by a bat
on the law is a tremendous burr, but to
Bobo there is another, another, - a regu-
lar shower of them; now I tell you they're
coming like hail. - but it isn't least
least two dozen of them, sticking around
me on the wall. Well, I declare, what
a jolly place the study-hall is! The fel-
low has an old watch, which he most abid-
eously winds up, but scarcely is the
operation performed, when it starts off
at it, by a snap it unfurl'd, in the
Piano, a sensation, and a noise, and
up to the next room, and the
from the other side of the step, in and
cutting up his antics under the seats,
with the chains still dangling at his
heels. this was accompanied from sev-
eral other quarters, by fist-fights, whistles, &c.,
the corner, - by hissing us with ha!
ha! ha! Don't I enjoy it though? But I
almost split myself laughing, when I
think of the night we got in the half-
beneath the brazier - and the huge
gray cat. The room - you can't tell at
that support the lamp, - to all appears
it quite pleased with the proceeding.
The little bird took its seat over me, and
certainly I had no reason to be un-
eale myself on the couch towards
me, for my new coat - wait a moment -
nothing but repulsive. - either night.

As to the unfortunate cat why he was put
into a my little -

at the end of my nose
for which compliment he manifested
a decided aversion, if one were to judge
by his wild screaming and furious
scrapping. For he rugged and pulled &
tugged at my coat, and

from the concavity wherein it is connec-
ted with that part of the spine, which
runs parallel to the ventrical support
of the body. The proportion of Puss
plumbeum in quantity, for which
of every act we showed our approbation
by a hearty laugh and well-timed
Stamping on the floor. All this however
gave little consolation to felis, who
seemed to be quite unaware of her im-
portance, always remaining behind
the screen, unless the string was pulled.
There was, however, a difference of opinion
about the nature of the noise; - some
thought it was a comedy, others
with the green goggles, in the pulpit
from his serious attitude, regarded it
as a tragedy. After looking therefore
for some time he brushed his
hair with his hand, of the three or four

times, then said "It is a regular
gentlemen. it is very much
like us honest men, - even - even you were
little babies." But he said
"I am, in a truth, a person, and is not
by the appearance of a well man, who

unexpectedly entered and liberated the person and the cat, giving us to understand at the same time, that a repetition was by no means desirable. At the same time, stepping up to me and placing his hand upon me, he said, that he expected much better sense from me; to which I replied, audibly of course: "You see you are mistaken." Shortly after this the bell began to ring, and all began to move towards the door, leaving the study-hall "to darkness and to me". In this I remained for some hours, when my course of thought was interrupted by the appearance of two tall figures, dressed in black, holding a lamp and a large battle in their hands. It had some difficulty, at first, in

discovering the purpose of their mission: but the mystery was soon solved, for they made a simultaneous onset on the nearest of my neighbors, saying at the same time: "Here it is. — four, six, eight, aye, twelve papers of fine cut Bawndish!" "Now let us pass on to the next!" That was myself. — "Oh no!" said one, "that's only a newcomer; he is not up to the ropes yet." "Never mind that," said the other. "Let us try it anyhow." And so they did. Never was search so well recompensed: for so astonished were they at the amount contained that they stood several minutes in mute wonder, gulping for breath.

To be continued

A Dream.

A vision sad before mine eyes
I saw lamentingly arise.
In accents, broken oft with sighs.
These words it spoke me mournfully.

Bring not to earth — there's nothing there,
However loved, however fair,
But on its features still must wear
The impress of mortality

Bring not to earth — as well we may
Trust Asia's serpents wanton play,
That glitters only to betray
To death or else to misery.

Dream not of friendship — there may be
A word, a smile, a grasp for thee.
But wait the hour of need, and see, —
But wonder not, — their fallacy.

Think not of beauty - like the rest
It bears a lustre on its crest,
But short the time ere stands confest
Its falsehood or its frailty.

Then cling no more so fondly on
The flowers of earth around thee strown,
They'll do awhile to sport upon,
But not to love so fervently.

By Scribbler

To Our Readers.

Eighteen hundred and fifty nine years have passed away, since the establishment of the great festival, now at hand, was sanctified by the birth of the Messiah, of whom, who was to crush the head of the serpent, and annihilate the empire of sin. Christmas! what joy, what glory and grandeur does thy name bring to the Christian soul! When the great ones of the earth were revelling in luxury, when the kings of the earth were reposing on couches of soft down: the Redeemer of the world came into the world, - the ungrateful world, - he was about to save, without pomp or grandeur or royal honors: the damp straw, the manger, the stable, became the bed, the cradle, the palace of the heavenly King. Think of this, then, ye who have plenty of earthly good, and when the poor less friends, come to you for the necessities of life, let a cheerful heart and generous hand dry up the tear of misery, with even a little from your useless abundance. And here we must thank many of our readers, for the interest they have shown in favor of the Colle-

gian, which we are happy to say has met with the distinguished and cordial approval of the highest authority in the College. This is the surest mark of its usefulness as well as a high compliment to Solon. It ought also to be a stimulus to correspondents to make original efforts in order to aid the Collegian in carrying out in all their plenitude, its principles of general good. "Let bygones be bygones," as the old proverb says, leave your indifference behind you as an appealing sacrifice on the tomb of eighteen hundred and fifty nine. During the Christmas vacation, make as many friends as you can among the modest residents in your hotel. - Epictetus, in his letter to a friend, so that when you return you will become intimate friends with Solon, and make up for your past neglect by your future attention, and thus you will have spent an agreeable and profitable vacation, both of which we sincerely wish you.

Solon

The Departing Year.

The low winter winds
The now chanting the dirge
Of another winged year
On the Past's extreme verge.
They are tolling its knell
Whil'st the dawning's grey prince
Proclaims a new heir
To the sceptre of Time.
It has fled - with its trials
Its hopes and its fears:
Aye, 'tis gone - with its pleasures
And anguish-wrung tears.
But as sweet fragrance clings
Round the long-faded rose,
So lingers the mind
On its joys or its woes.
Now rosy Aurora
Smiles genial and bright.
The blush of the morn
Slowly steals upon night
To let Hope from our bosoms
Chase sadness and fear.
Whilst she whispers repelling
"A Happy New-Year."

By 1860

Christmas

Christmas is come. Our Savior is born again; and general festivity and carnival hold the world in thrall. At first the return of the day is seen in the magnificent ceremonials of the church, and even in the decks their boughs evergreen. This solemnity of Christmas is very peculiar for the relaxation of the labor-strong muscles of all nations hitherto.

all ranks of society, the rich, and even the poor keep it, both sexes observe its commemoration and keep it up with equal spirit. But all do not know that Christ was born on this day for the salvation of mankind: nor do all reflect that the church, now so much revered with the multitude of these happy seasons and the moderator of their spirits.

For Collegians Christmas is indeed a welcome time, for it is a long vacation. The students of Saint John's are approaching vacation, and soon will taste of its pleasures. What these pleasures are need not be lengthened upon; for they are all contained in the word - Home. They will soon be home, at the family fireside, chattering with great vivacity over their college exploits, over needless pranks played with boyish unkindness upon one another, and the numberless "scrapes" into which they had fallen, astonishing the youngsters of the household with the strangeness and incredibility of the stories. And how happy are such family circles! There father and mother, sisters and brothers contribute to the comfort of the young college stranger. They congratulate him on his escape, for a time at least, from the dry study of Latin and Greek and of dry Mathematics, and they try to drown in the cup of pleasure the recollections of his hard labor. They have a little more freedom than at College and soon take advantage of it. Sometimes they try to teach that unassuming domestic creature, gentle puss, feats which a monkey could not perform - in a more manly manner with good natured runs. They make the house lively and cheerful by merry song and good-humored talk, and astonish the natives by an inexpressible fund of gaiety, & gain them, meet friends at relatives and their welcome is hearty. "I am glad to see you: just in college? A little sport will do you good, you're a smart boy for your age, but too fond of books & rec't. well! that's the way with all youngsters. I remember myself was young once but . . .

of yourself: I wish you a happy New Year." All the week from Christmas as to New Year's day: . . . interrupted
rests of naps and sleep. And it is no wonder that they love chilly Christmas above all other festive seasons. They patiently listen to their ^{old} deeds of "auld lang syne", often with tears in their eyes; . . . recount the sports and games, or in imagination of an old country Christmas, with such feeling and truthfulness that foreigners often wish that they could have lived and participated in them. This is vacation spent. Visiting the Central Park, cutting the gladdie ice with their skates, defying winter and weather under the protection of a heavy coat & cap flying through the city over the prostrate snow, borne along by the jocund sleigh girls with the pleasant noise of sweet-toned bells, of which the ringing tones are proud. How smoothly and gallantly they career, not fearing an upset, till fastened into a high embankment of fresh fallen snow. Alp, are on, . . . they go thinking themselves covered with glory although bespattered with mud

For them Christmas is coming & time
is nearing. They will take their present
seats at the table, overjoyed and awaiting
a gay dinner. And a cheer will be thrown
around the scene. Of the names of
well known friends and of the interesting
lecture of the Professor, or the
colorfully wrought scenes. The ringing
sound of festal bells, carols, & hymns
of joyful enjoyment in the heart of the people,
and, we might say, in the heart of the world,
it makes a gay scene at present. And

sister: and this tinges his joy with a shaded sadness. Many a time has this same open-hearted brother assisted him in gaining the object of his wishs. Many a time has his dear wife: sister now an angel in heaven, pleaded for him to an angered father, and many a time has she averted the punishment of a childish freak, and these, the brother and sister are gone, nevermore to return to earth.

Oh! if it please God, may they still find their families entire, and the link that binds them together unbroken. May their joys though there can scarce expect it, be unintermitting, with sorrow, and may this Collegians vacation be one continued blaze of happiness and delight.

This is the wish of a friend of the Collegian.

A Senior

Vacation Song

Cheer, boys, cheer, we're coming to vacation,
Patiently wait, the sun shall see our joy;
I methinks I behold the trunks upon the station,
Such bright prospects no evil may destroy
Then good bye, study, much as we adore thee,
We must drive away the cares we once possessed,
Why should we weep to leave our homes before thee?
Yet shall thou live forever in our breast.

Chorus

Then, cheer boys, cheer, vacation time, vacation!
Cheer, boys, cheer, for each kind and loving friend
Cheer, boys, cheer, we leave all care behind us,
Cheer, boys, cheer, every sorrow has its end

Up, boys, up the merry time is nearing,
I'll find us prepared to start upon our way.
We'll wake the morrow by our hearty cheering,
I shout, "Welcome Christmas, dressed in wintry gray."
Then we must go and leave our chums behind us,
To New York by the iron-horse be borne,
We will be free, no College rules shall bind us,
With you in our hearts, 'twill be no time to mourn.

Chorus

Then cheer, boys, cheer, vacation, sweet vacation.
Cheer, boys, cheer, for we soon at home shall be.
Cheer, boys, cheer, there, ^{fun} in New York city.
Cheer, boys, cheer, we are college lads, set free.

By Frank.

The 25th of November, 1783, saw a most glorious sight, the mar shalling in arms of two great nations, not indeed for the purpose of enacting the bloody scenes of war; but one is seen, slowly defiling from a city, which had borne its iron yoke for seven years, and the other, the patriot host, taking venerable possession. How the hearts of the Americans beat at the sight! There, eight years before, they stood, branded as traitors by a haughty step-mother, who bade them to do this and that, to serve her every whim and caprice, now they are free and independent: now can they look and call themselves their masters, having cast off with a giant's strength the stain clinging to the name of rebel.

Arriving in from all states, they eagerly press forward to witness the final departure of the British from us, and they had vainly attempted to subdue the spirit of war were, at an hour in the day, to transmogrify their native country, the remnants of the Hessians. In silence they embarked, they were hirelings, they had served their masters well, and sometimes had even rivalled the Indian in deeds of depredation.

They had nothing of which to boast, for they were the beaten. Deep as was the hatred the New Yorkers bore to the invaders, much as they had suffered from Birmingham the city! Now, and from the death-breeding dungeon the fourth some Prison ship, they uttered not a shout of exultation, until General Washington and his suite had ascended the decks of the vessel. Then they made the city ring with huzzas, and cries, and shouts, and cannon and their other expressions of joy. They poured blessings on the favor of the land, on Washington, who shares their delight. They thank him, as new-made freemen thank him who bought their freedom. The news goes through the continent, it rouses the patriotism in every bosom and there is one scene of congratulation.

Old men, women and children, all are inspired with the enthusiasm, which never seems to die away, for on the return of each anniversary New York prolonging the note of freedom, chant the hymn of liberty with the united voices, three millions of Americans.

A. Knickerbocker.

Answers to Correspondents

W. H. H. of H. C. H. Your Answer to them has no doubt been as equal to your Friend, but at the request of the First Prefect, we did not insert it. We are very sorry that our readers are thereby deprived of enjoying your answer, yet as it was impossible, for many reasons, to publish it they must forgive this omission. However, we hope that they will have many a treat from you before the close of the year. For est a bonum domum.

W. H. H. of H. C. H. Your poem is very well done but we are obliged to decline sending it in our columns.

John. H. "Your poem is likely to fit out for want of room. Besides it is not very well written. We advise you, therefore to re-write it, and at the same time to correct it, or to have it corrected.

W. H. H. of H. C. H. Your "Letter" is unfortunately crowded out. It will appear in our next number.

John. H. If jealousy causes you to "blaze" the author of the "Deserted Villages" must have many sleepless nights, seeing so formidable an opponent in the feathered band of Fordham, - or one of "the noisy geese that gabble o'er the pool."

John. H. Particular monsters, naturally ridiculous ghd. - Lecture to you. "the darkest before Solon" lets the cat out of the bag."

John. H. You ought to form an alliance with Dulness, Presumption and Vindictive, you would soon be the leading spirit of that glorious "tetralogy."

W. H. H. of H. C. H. Your piece will appear in our next number as want of space prevents us from inserting it in this number.

John. H. Your idea is good but your piece is lamentably deficient in metre. Do not lose courage, but "try again", and you will eventually succeed. Many a poet has made worse attempts than yours, before he acquired any cast in versification.

C. P. D. No. number of the ballad will be published until the first Sunday in February. The reason is that at the examinations take place in January, neither Solon will have any time to devote to the paper, nor his contributors to write for it. Therefore we bid our reader good bye, until February.

S. Solon

Labor omnia vincit.

The Physician.

Vol. 1.

Feb. 12 1860.

No. 8.

The Autobiography of a "Duck."

Chapter III

If the success of an undertaking is to be estimated by its results one would say that their labors were hopelessly徒劳的 for the task was a mere leisurely one. The consciousness of power, which the small weak and unconscious maintained, the principle of authority made a smile of triumph play around their lens, with a brillancy that even alone emanate from the sun of justice when its genial warmth unlocks and calunes the clod which holds and conceals in its stubborn bosom the germ of awful obedience. As the shadows with their giant-like projections began to roll toward the door, and the hollow noise of retreating steps was heard through the hall the lights of the picture began to dim, like the spectres that guard with emanation around the throne of Death while ever and anon their icy breath and chilly words fell ominously on my ear. I would exclaim: "Umbaphy

I do! Ah me! Why had I anything to do with tobacco?" My imagination was now at work. I saw myself in Africa, but knew that Beni before the breath of the breeze which fans the pale and gentle features of the nocturnal Queen; or sent away in terror and dismay at the sight of a mighty elephant, whose colossal frame they see only represented in the picture. Beni who I mean? The impelling power of the stream with the fury of the mountain tongue of a monstrous boa-constrictor, and in its wavelets carrying around the woeing jewel of the under-world, that is to see the infusing of its silvery coil. The hum of the bee as it goes forth to impregnate on the flower of the violet on the breasts of the damask rose is only the herald of advancing bat-talions. Such was the state of my mind at this moment when the light of the lamp disappeared and the sound of the closing door seemed as when the angry elements are rent and torn asunder by the collapsing

cases of ten thousand I then despatched. From this state of feeling, it will be easy to account for any exaggerated expression which might escape my lips from time to time. However, that I was punished admits not of a shadow of doubt: for it is now only I was obliged to learn so much Latin, Greek, and Mathematics! And I was quite drowsy, and from severe application, eventually became what they call in common phraseology "cracked". But for all this the punishment was vigorously exacted and the classic authors were given me to consult until every one wondered how in my "cracked" state I could contain all I knew, or rather, all that was forced into me.

Yet all this might have been borne with, if I had been allowed to remain in peace in the study-hall. I was not however, and on morning I was transported up stairs by a little man who had no hair "where the wool ought to grow": here I was laid down near the fire-place: a position only enjoyed a few minutes when in

came a big fat man, with an arm full of books and a tremendous big long ruler. He took his seat in a huge pulpit which by the way he entered with a great sigh of heavy breathing and hard swaying. This being done he arranged the books before him: taking good care at the same time to place the ruler in a conspicuous position. The next thing he did was to roll his eyes slowly along the room, until his gaze became limited by the opposite wall. At that wall it was precisely that the little man placed me, a. t. in a spot too where all the fire of his eyes, like the concentrated rays of the sun, became doubly strong. At last they reached me. I thought to meet them but it was in vain: for as the delicate leaves of the morning-glory fall away beneath the scorching heat of the mid-day sun, so fell my looks before his.

After this was some time in a class, which consisted of flogging and high Dutch I was delighted with the intelligence that I was about to be removed to better quarters.

To be continued.

These Friends.

By Tyro.

Stern Autumn now sits shroned on high:
The winds and storms obey her call:
The fitful gust sweeps angry by
The tree leaves rusile to their fall.

Shorn of its leafy honors now,
Its fair limbs bare in the air
That stately soaring front will
To every storm that may assail

Whilst courted by the zephyr bland
And by the balmy breath of spring,
And whilst the flitting bee flew far and
The vernal leaves were wont to cling.

Whilst smiled the sunbeam warm and bright,
And dew of heaven their influence held,
Or fingered round the genial bough,
The bower leaflets clustering spread

But when the breeze deepest slept,
When morning sun forgot to smile
When boding clouds up heavenward crept
To shroud the sky in gloom till morn.

At first rude touch of Autumn's blast
The leaves dropped withered one by one,
And left the veteran bare at last,
To brave the wintry storms alone.

Such fickle friends, their power and might
Their boasted love and faith dispelling
And so the fond confidence wrought
Is left in peril and dismay.

When storms are gathering 'tis the head
When lowering skies salute the eye
like leave before the tempest spend.
They leave him to survive or die.

To Our Readers.

Once more we greet you, and now that the examinations are over, we congratulate you on your success, having high hopes that the contributions, which you will no doubt send in, will be many and in every respect original. Returning from vacation we had to enter upon a hasty month, the month of work and study, of lead-aches and Greek roots: so that your thoughts were all turned in one direction - to pass a good examination. Yet after all you did not forget Solon: you inquired after his health, and sympathetically asked if he had departed this life, satisfied with the honor and glory which he had already acquired. We answer you by this number and we proclaim: "Still we live".

This paper has been kept up already half of the year, and from its first appearance it has been treated with respect and consideration, in a much higher degree than had brightly been anticipated. Our remarks may have sometimes been somewhat unpalatable, and the articles admitted, satirical: they who made the greatest noise about such articles are those who had no reputation to lose. Let us not remind our readers of bygones: we should rather endeavor to begin anew. In fact we look to a second term with pleasure and hope to complete the year in a satisfactory manner. Now that your minds are free from the intense study, prior to an examination, we anticipate glorious times, and those who delight in the

strain of eloquence or of mighty humor, will have a chance to exhibit their mistiness or soar into the regions of space.

Gretes, son of Adolphus is but napping, and the slightest touch will awaken him: and Wilkins Meicawber is waiting for "something to turn up". There is room enough for all contributors. Many think they cannot write anything worthy of publication or do not wish to see their own production appearing in the columns of a paper like ours. To the first we say, it would be an unheard-of story if the students of the classes of Philosophy and Rhetoric could not write a few sentences of English prose, or strike off some pretty thoughts (of their own) in verse. To the second class of writers we say, and they know it, that Solon can keep a secret.

He in some cases, knows the names of his supporters, and in some cases he does not. Sometimes we admitted pieces, deficient in many respects, but then when an effort is earnestly made, it should be encouraged. We do not say that we shall always act in this manner: we shall do so, only according to our discretion. Solon is a wise man, and by his wisdom easily tells what is proper to be inserted in his paper and what is proper to be rejected and laid aside for further consideration.

The Young Poet Dying.

Again the fierce autumnal blast
With fallen leaves the earth besrewed,
The warbling groves of summer past,
Their concords gay no more renewed.

With broken heart and bosom sad
Advanced a pale and tott'ring youth,
Farewell to whisper to the glade,
Where oft his grief he came to soothe.

Farewell! farewell! my darling grove!
Farewell! farewell! for part we must!
Farewell! farewell! to thee my love
I yield, and to the grave, my dust.

Here oft along thy purling brook,
I wandered with a cheerful eye;
And on thy bower, loved to look,
Reflected in thy liquid sky.

Here oft I list with raptured heart
To thy sweet notes, O whip-poor-will!
When warbling with consummate art
At moon, at noon, at evening still.

Here oft beneath thy shade I lay
To sweet repose by zephyrs fanned;
But now no longer can I stay,-
My early doom is now at hand.

Then fare thee well, my hermitage!
O fare thee well forever more!
With thee I spent my youthful age,
With thee I'll spend my dying hour.

By Tityus.

Ingeld and StroKōther or Allegory of the present times

In the days of the venerable Scalds, Denmark was ruled by Fraude, a great and good King. He raised his realm to the highest pinnacle of earthly glory, and his subjects, who loved him as a father, feared nothing so much as to lose him. Yet this was the case, much indeed befall them at last. Fraude was not immortal; and after a long and glorious reign, he went to sleep in the tomb of his forefathers, there awaiting the trumpet-sound of the awakening angel. He left behind him, as heir of his noble virtues and his vast domains, an only child, the blooming, little Ingeld. This young prince has always been the darling of his dying parent. Gifted and endowed with all the qualities, calculated to shed lustre on his throne, he was yet too young to govern the vast estates of his departed sire. Accordingly, his father ere he slept in death, entrusted the administration of the Danish monarchy and the education of the young Ingeld to the holy Scald, Strothothe, the wisest and most faithful of his subjects.

For a while the young monarch b. t a so-
cile ear and a willing heart to the wholesome
advice of the Scald; but flattering courtiers soon
soon imbued his youthful mind with false
notions. Brotho, who loved him as the
child of his own bosom saw the danger and gen-
tly cautioned him against it: but perceiving
that his mildness, instead of winning back
the young & young prince from his wayward-
ness, only seemed to encourage him in his new
career, i.e. I ought proper to use all his authority
and administered a sharp, but well-regulated re-
proof to his erring pupil.

The courtly flatterers had long wished for the removal of Strohother, and well glad were they now to find that the wise chisel of the veteran bard called the prince royal of Denmark. He was indeed, chafed and fretted that a restraint should be put on the bursting passion of his youth. With gratified ear did he listen to the eager suggestions of his deceivers; and under numerous pretences Strohother had been warning him not to his royal master, he was banished from court and forbidden ever again to enter its portals.

Gad and rejected, not on his own account, but on account of his beloved pupil, the hoary head withdraws to the gloomy depths of a solitary bower there to deplore, in silent grief, the wanderings of his ward.

And now Ingeld is delivered up a prey to his
inexperience; and now no longer does a sage
Mentor whisper good advice to his erring soul;
and now, throwing off all restraint, he aban-
dons the care of his realm to his intriguing cour-
tiers and gives loose rein to every evil passion;
and now sad, most deplorably sad, looks the fu-
ture of the once flourishing kingdom of Frisia.
Yet this evil hour was to have an end.

One gay summer morn the prince, escorted
By a goodly train of courtiers, sallies forth to en-
joy the pleasures of the chase. For his eye
catches a stately form in a noble and most
magnificent stag, and nothing hot is his
curiosity to view what is the issue, and so with
gillows the noble hunter, unaware that
wide and far is the distance which he is pla-
cing between himself and his loaly train
And now the dark shadow of night begin-

5. weigh on the earth, and a starless sky is hanging over the pale round its mountains. And now within, disturbs the awful silence of the forest, and another, louder the heavy roar of nature, but the far and strange voice of thunder whose lugubrious notes are mysteriously repeated by the echoes swelling in the surrounding mountains, then rude and lofty peaks high up to the heaven, and in the dark recesses of the deep, over a precipice that depend down into the bosom of the earth, and now the fleecy clouds all low and heavy in the sky, and the torrid light which over the fields of fire, and deep in the silent inmates of the wilderness with which it cuts the stability of the aged timber and the forms, return to their fire. Oh a curse! the soul of Ingeld comes within his bosom and a thrill of horror shoots through his weary frame. Inward he urges his trembling steed and soon he reached, as by chance, a hut erected under the projecting rock of a mountain. The bewildered prince leaps from his exhausted steed and rushes under the sheltered rock. Then sitting before a blazing fire he converses with the inmates in the hermitage with whom he vented his sorrows and his fears, and this is:

"I am a wretched soul, for when over the wings of the blast are wrapt in silent terror the world over, yet fashion blended with the rock, where he sits in a permanent noise, his spirit, then, who in an stirring of the elements to the mere, and ill was the unhappy, I fear in the misfortune of his luckless ward.

Thus says the hermit.

"The hero is no more! Beware Ingeld! Let the ravens which ascend on high, nevermore say the son who bears the name. Then wast once his de-
fense, because he thought thee like unto

himself, but now, let he were, he would spurn thee as an object of horror. How hast inherited his power and his name but his virtues! O Ingeld thy fathers virtues, where are they? Unhappy prince! everyone now says, when gazing upon thee: The hero has vanished from Denmark, the hero is no more!

"Unhappy Ingeld! I behold the Hero, thy father, he lies upon me an angry look, and with a voice of wrath he asks me: 'Where is my son? What hath become of my Ingeld, my needless treasure, who h- I confide to thy care?' And I Ingeld! I with bitter sorrow, answer: 'Thy son? He has abandoned it is with the wife, King Edmund of the Danes, into the hands of ill-dealing, courtly, and unscrupled traitors to sustain my son's life. By these he has long been kept in prison, and though people, seeing the desperate his appearance, have durst. The hero is no more! The hero is no more! Unhappy Ingeld! Just then see these fierce and barbarous cohorts rushing onward like wolves on the field? Just then hear the shouting of the crowd they draw with them their iron chain and they approach him, and I call to all, 'See, to, stand by me, all ye who, these are, the most wretched wretches or the most unhappy! Unholy, unclean, and abominable, who durst insult us? You, who are the author of this misery, in whom I trust, the son of the world, with whom with the best virtues, and the best of all the world, on me, on me, you sweep, that for the hero I am no more, I am no more!'

"Give, or I will burn, my soul, or tell me whence you read this? I am thus humbled, because it is true, as you have done. Now, O King, I tell you, the most wretched follows high the moment, when the hero is dead; the rats, then, have to whom the world is set of the house and follow it as mice the gal-

23. Within me, within, a silent sorrow, within
thine young prime dimly descending, we
beneath his sun? Fair war, war between
him and his sister? Fair feasters, and
all shall be consumed. So the Heros is no
more! The Heros is no more!

"Borha v. 2. x. 2. In Fraude was he
left in his bed. The land was fair and
wide. The birds were numbered with the Zephyrs,
and the winged winds were numbered with the
winds. The sun was as vocal with the
luminous, and the woodland birds. All
that he seemed to bask in the bliss shed around
him. Heros is now a man, a man to my soli-
tary abode, nought but barren wastes, sickly
years, and bug-bitten trees meet my wander-
ings. I go on in the people uprooted under
the beginning of the world. And now, them
I leave as such by strange mis-ruined
ways of death. And everyone is troubled in
his heart. More thrice we to Ingeld when this
long repast, and a by-rent shall rise in
arms against him. But a few moons and all
shall be numbered. For the Heros is no more!
The Heros is no more!

"Borha v. 2. x. 2. The tempest drove be-
fore it through the lakes of the west ocean,
and all said I hear with rapt amazement and the
commander of a horse through their steed the Heros is no more.
He said again, "I am the hundred on the
steep in as far as the eye let him be
seen. When I am dead, the tempest
and the clouds will cover me with a few
waters, in all the world unfigured.
And I will be numbered rugged in the
steep of the land, and the whorish sea
will be all the while redding with
the blood of the dead. In a moon
and a small bairn will die. And the
Heros is no more! The Heros is no more.

"Borha v. 2. x. 2. Were strother to go with
me, and we might go together, and say to them:
Come ye people, come and conquer the heath of Fraude
who by his victories so often humbled you, for the
Heros is no more. In this people, fleshed with
joy at the call, we all your legions of armed war-
riors on the Kingdom; they would destroy thy ci-
ties, lay waste thy fields, and drag thee from the
throne of Denmark into the marshy bridle. In vain
wouldst thou struggle to avert the fatal blow. Thy
flatterers would cowardly betray thee, and thy
people would answer thy reproaches with one
steady voice: 'See him are, the son, who is like
his father. For the Heros is no more! The Heros is no
more.'

"It, unhappy prince! Never shall treason dis-
grace the hoary locks of strother, a thousand
deaths overtake me, if I stir up one man against
the heir of the Heros, my master against my luck-
less wain, Ingeld. Oh! return, child of my heart re-
turn! Behold the abyss into which thou art fall-
ing. Burst asunder the bonds that enchain thee,
and restore to thy Danes the happiness of which
thou hast thus far bereft them. Banish, banish
forever far from thee, I beseech thy heart, and
thy spirit, a female, a virgin, that all
men may be glad. And when I am dead, and the world
is in affliction, Yes in affliction is it."

"The strother, a man of sorrow, was
in the arms of the woman, and mine,
and bewailed the wife, and his own mis-
ery. When on a sudden the world is little
but bairns, and men as bairns into the
world, then said he, "To the east
a vision: " Come my beloved to bid
me! The earth is all thy world, and I
forget my glory; the same are visible to me
from the shameful gifts that made me
forget my father's glory his name and my





own honor. Come and be you to me a father. To
now Denmark shall again be ruled by the true
offspring of Fraude, and my people, seeing
me again returned to virtue, shall exclaim: No! No! the Hero has not disappeared from
the earth! The Long, prop't, I live, is blessed
be the offspring of Fraude! Turn me!
Blessed be our own Angel!.

— — — — —
Scheldt, son of Herkibor.

Farewell.

When from the friends we deahly love
Fate tells us we must part,
In words we can but faintly prove
The anguish of the heart.

And no set phrase however sincere
Can half so much imply
As the suppressed and silent tear
That drowns those words. Good bye
— — — — —
By blio.

Answers to correspondents.

Aus. in. Your piece, "Magdalen at the feet of our Lord" will be inserted in our
next number

Gregory Owing to some doubts respecting your piece, we cannot publish it at
Zephaniah Saftyhead. We decline inserting your piece
Leopoldus. You had better try again and if you make any improvement, we will
perhaps we will give you some encouragement.

CY. B. On account of a great many obstacles, we could not publish the Collegian
on the appointed day, and must it appear rather late, we will do our best
prove as acceptable to our readers.

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

March 5th 1860.

No 9

Death.

By Bid.

A budling rose its fragrance sweet diffused
Throughout the verdant meadow where it bloomed,
And laden with the spangling dew with which
Aurora gay had decked it, on the bright
Day of the rising orb its beauty shows.
And as the early farmer winds his way
Along the field, he gladly thinks that on
The morrow's morn, a full-blown rose will greet
His coming and adorn his lonely col.
But when the morrow dawns no damask flower
He sees; but where the mossy bud its leaves
Unfolding gently was, when twilight shades
Were sinking into gloom, some scantless leaves,
All pale, clinging to a withered stem.
With his expectant gaze thus when a bright
And glorious future for his infant son
With pride a loving father sees, fell death
The opening blossom bears away and leaves
The sire to mourn o'er blighted hopes, and wail
And cry aloud for his departed boy.

Beside a shaded stream, with trees o'erhung,
On which the radiant light of day ne'er shone,
An humble plant by all unnoticed grows
But in the rippling wave its leaves it bathed,
And always was in tears unblest with light

Its tendrils drooped - it slowly pined away.
So when misfortune dire or sorrow wounds;
When cherished friends and kindred all have gone;
When naught can cheer the sadness of the soul.
The broken heart soon yields to slow decay,
And in its lowly grave from trouble rests,
Unwept, unheeded, and unknown.

An elm, with sturdy branches covered o'er,
Was slowly towering to the clouds above,
And soon bade fair to be the woodland King.
When on a summer morn, in spite of all
Its beauty and its strength, the cruel axe
Laid low the mighty tree. So in an hour,
Death's ruthless hand destroys a nation's hope,
And where high expectations dwell before,
Spreads grief and desolation's dismal veil.

A noble oak for many years had stood
The monarch of the forest; o'er the mead,
With Nature's grassy mantle clothed, it stretched
Its aged boughs, affording grateful shade
To weary travellers, who oft in peace
Had slumbered there: around its massive trunk
With bounteous hand, May scattered its first flowers,
Morn with its bairns, its hoary head bedecked:
Itmid its foliage, fearing naught from man
The feathered tribe their mossy nests were wont
To build, and all the summer day the woods
Re-echoed with their merry notes of glee.
But soon when Autumn's blast green Nature's garb
With frenzy rent, and strewed the ground with leaves,
A sudden storm swept thro' the forest dire,
And with its mighty strength that aged tree
Uprooting, soon the monarch of the wood
Destroyed. First death, when unexpected, comes
And with its icy touch congeals the breath,
And sends into its dwelling dark and drear
Age crowded with virtues glory and renown.
Thus has our Irving, who, for many years.

Our happy land adored, and was the boast
Of free America; whose honored name
With reverence was breathed by every lip.
And in whose smile the prattling infant loved
To play, - that has our living by fierce Death
Been snatched from our embrace, who weep and mourn
A hero gone, a mighty genius fled.

Thus youth and age the dread Destroyer's prey
Become, who dashes to the ground the cap,
With pleasures, hopes, and prospects brilliant filled.
Yet while the young his coming fears, the sad
With eagerness invoke his awful power
To free them from their misery and woe.
All all are subject to his tyrant sway,
And when their earthly life is o'er, to them
He gives a shroud, a coffin, and a grave.

Autobiography of a Lester

Conclusion.

As I said in the last chapter, good reader, many things about my class experience, and as you seemed desirous to know many other things, since your curiosity led you to seek even the hidden intentions of what did not concern you, perhaps it would not be out of place in this my final chapter to invite you along the road with me, while I am making my exit out of this world, in order to tell you about the great good man. I had to deal with, after I was taken out of that other class-room, into whose secrets you would peep, a man, let me tell you, of real but manners. However let that go for what it is worth, and listen to me while I relate, or rather attempt to relate the good qualities of one, who, if humanity had perfection in it, was certainly perfect.

In him every virtue, good quality found a genial soil, on which they might grow and flourish, bloom and ripen in the sunshine of sterling virtue, undimmed by the occasional clouds, which spread their frowning in shades on the rest of men, whom the world calls great. He was tall, at least six feet high, his form was graceful; his movements and manner were dignified; his countenance, lit with the smile of benevolence, was calculated to inspire respect, and at the same time to make one smile in his presence. His voice was charming, and truly it may be said, of iron that the words trickled as honey from his lips. The most difficult passages and studies became not only easy, but interesting, after

his explanations; but he could do more than this; for he could communicate his knowledge to others - a rare faculty. alas! now-a-days, he could unfold the beauties of poetry and show you grandeur in Milton, Pope, or Goldsmith, that never once before struck your imagination. In fine, his good qualities were as inexhaustible as his knowledge was extensive. his disposition was mild: he asked nothing, unless it could be acquired by principle and reason. Was he not then a great good man. Indeed he was: and, perhaps, I would be a living devil to-day if I had been left in his hands when I became sick, instead of being compelled to swallow a set of mathematics which I could never digest and which nummified me to such an enormous extent in the gastronomical regions - except the term, it is a medical one, - that the lateral pressure was obliged to give way and teach me that abhorrible truth, that a body may be split into infinitesimal atoms." Ah! me! would that the great Gehooly, on his march into this world, had stopped on the other side of infinity! What a happy devil would I be this day in the full enjoyment of health, and of fun, too, listening to rule-breakers and lovers of the "weed" getting a sound hearing from the prefect for their misconduct.

Dear me! how I remember the first time, and in fact the only time I attempted to smoke in the College! the state of mind I was in when caught - yes, caught point blank, gentle reader, with a glorious Havana "blazing away." Dear me! how angry the prefect was on that occasion, how he took from me yes, took it from me - poor sugar, how I re-

gret you - to throw it into the fire. "What," said I, to myself, of course, for like most modern heroes, I was very brave, when nobody heard me: "What! throw a sugar, not half-smoked into the fire! Indeed you might not be so hot. I think the safest way to settle this matter is to let it end in smoke." Having thus defended myself, and as a matter of course, the rights and privileges of my fellow - , I thought there would be no more about the matter. but I was undeceived the next day, when, as they say in France, I "received a warning".

But see! we are at the ferry already; let us see what is the news from the other side, before your return. Ha! What can this be? Listen to it.

"D) were about Mathematicians"

At a mass meeting of the ancient and modern orators and poets, in the second Perigee of the eighth moon of the Pothen (that year) London the following decree was promulgated.

"It is, and hereby let it be decreed that no mathematician or student of that dour science shall ever enter the Elysian fields."

With sore alarm the "Hampshire Mercury" (the newspaper), and remained motionless for a time, but finding it was near dark, I bade my companion a kind adieu, telling him to return and report all he had seen and heard, faithfully, as the complement of the chapter I left unfinished when I died, and to let the whole appear in the columns of the Collegian that my lamentable fate may be a warning to mathematicians and future generations.

⑥ The End C)

The Death of Nature

By Nonnatus.

Lo! see those bending branches bowering now,
While fleecy flakes fly fast and fitfully low,
Like spray descending from ethereal waves.
Where ocean-space, a shore unmeasured raves,
Where starry isles and worlds from Chaos' time
In primal beauty roll, undimmed, sublime,
And in their first-born verdure, youthful, bloom,
Uncursed by Eden's law or Adam's doom:
Where comets blaze, eccentric in their course,
And range the distant void with flaming force,
Now far, now drawing near by Newton's laws,
As if to rend the world with fiery jaws:
Where lightnings wheel in quick successive maze,
And thunders crash while trembling mortals gaze,
While nature quakes, as angry clouds contend,
And, wild with tumult, in fierce battle blend.
See! how the birds speed through the naked boughs
To find if Heaven yet one meal allows,
To linger where abundance oft before
With generous hand displayed a plenteous store.
The oak's strong arms are bound with icy chains,
His surge combines with death's proud paean strains,
And wildly chant amid pervading gloom
The song of joy and grief o'er nature's tomb.
Age seems to weigh upon the brow of time,
His locks grow hoary with the changing clime,
His youthful step, his healthful blush are gone,
And feeble pace, with wrinkles, fast comeson.
Each mount and vale, each spot's become a grave,
Where victor Death consigns the conquered slave.
The mourning veil opes with the sorrowing fold,
And darkly shades the brow of wounds untold.
Yet o'er them all the cypress lifts its head
And throws its friendly arms around the dead;

Like sentinels who guard the myriad slain
Reposing on some glorious battle-plain,
Or like the snow-white edge around the pall,
The sign which tells of death's untimely call,
Which tells that life's young hope at morning fell,
And crossed Time's threshold ere the evening knell

Gratitude.

Gratitude is the "memory of the soul." This is a most beautiful definition, and is founded on nature itself. To remember and return a favor done, how sweet! In how many cases ought we to give up our lives in return for some great obligation! Our first thought should be our Creator. He in His infinite goodness has given us life; he has endowed us with what we would relinquish for the wealth of kingdoms - sight, hearing and the other senses. He has given us his own Son and the means of knowing his truths: to him then, should we be everlastingly grateful.

Grateful also should we be to parents, in acknowledgement of what they have done, and suffered for our sakes. Infants, babies at the breast, we needed food, nourishment and care. How many are the anxious nights of the mother! Who can count the unintermitting hours, spent in praying for, in training their darling children. When we could not walk, they cared for us and supported our weakness; when grown, they checked our waywardness; when grown still more they admonished us. What toil has not the father undergone to provide food, to keep a house over

our heads, and to hoard up treasure for our future well-being! And what think you such parents expect? Reverence, love, filial piety, in a word, gratitude.

We should be grateful also to our country. It guards us from injury and promotes our happiness by wise regulations. We are its bond and its hopes. We should obey her laws and endeavor to comply with her ordinances. The talents which God gave us and which are chastened by the influence of religion cannot be confined to the narrow limits of a family circle: they need a wider sphere of action.

We should be grateful to the memory of the fathers of our republic for their eminent services in founding so great a state, and in laying the foundations of so many noble institutions. It is the only way in which we can be grateful to the dead, to preserve what they bequeathed to us, won by toil and blood, as they left it, intact.

In fine, we should be grateful to those, who now instruct us in the principles of our faith, and who are instilling into our hearts principles which should guide us through life, and by which we shall be known as manly upright, and independent.

By Spes

Mary Magdalen
at the
Feet of our Lord

The deeds of the mighty I make not my theme,
Nor of those on whom fortune propitious doth beam;
I speak not on honor, of wealth or of power,
Nor of pleasures that gleam and disperse in an hour.

The penitent Mary, all bathed in tears,
More glorious than these to my mind now appears:
Ah! view her dark eye, humbly bent to the earth,
As grace in her heart takes serenely its birth.

She seeks for her Savior and falls at his feet,
Anoints them with perfumes most costly and sweet,
Bedews them with tears she profusely doth shed;
Then wipes them away with the hair of her head.

Much more to be envied is Mary's low seat
Where her heart doth in silence her sorrows repeat,
Than the throne of the great, emblazoned with gold
When its lustie doth pride unrepented unfold

Those sights have made way to the Savior's mild heart,
And his lips now the sentence of mercy import;
"Yes, Mary, fear not, for thy sins are forgiven,
And thy pardon is sealed and recorded in Heaven."

"No more on the dark page of death art thou placed,
Thy name and thy sins are forever effaced,
Thy tears and repentance, thy sorrow and love
Have secured thee a place in the mansions above.

— By. Austin

To Our Readers.

Though it is not the intention of Solon to censurise the right and wrong of the mighty contest which now agitates Europe or to delineate the probable results of the towering storm in which it is evident to involve the nations in imminent and bloody war: yet we will not amiss to congratulate on the one occasion you have responded to its call, nor by some of your fellow-students, in order to show your sympathy for the Holy Father, who surrounded on every side by ferocious enemies, ready to gloat over the downfall of Papacy, is filled with sorrow and sadness at the prospect of the sufferings which the Church must undergo, if he is deprived of power, of Kingdom, of liberty.

We do not wish to examine the motives which impel Napoleon to pursue such an iniquitous course and to league himself with the greatest enemies of the Church. But we hope that he like Ingeld, in the beautiful allegory, published in our last number may listen to the counsel and command of a Deus IX, who, like Strothothesi, mourns the errors of the ward, entrusted to him by the Father of all men.

With this remark let us turn from Europe and its sovereigns, to our own country; and its founder, the celebration of whose birth-day took place not long since, and about which we will to say a few words. Nine the voices of thirty-six million of Americans were offering their tribute of gratitude to the Father

of our country and the booming of cannon was heard from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, while the scene of government was a scene of festivity and the statue of the hero was unveiled to the gaze of an enthusiastic assemblage: you, fellow students with your well-known eloquence and oratorical gifts, were not last in the list of those whose voices were raised in honor of Washington.

We are exceedingly gratified at the manner in which all enjoyed themselves. There may be persons, who displeased at the meriment of some speeches, think that it is a disgrace to Washington and to our patriotism. All we can say to those gentlemen is that the patriotism of the students of St. John's is pure and unalloyed, and that they expected fun from the meeting held on that evening. We think that those gentlemen, so solicitous for our patriotism need not trouble themselves on that point.

But it is our opinion that the arrangements were extremely defective and since it was expected that the programme drawn up, we know not by whom, should be followed, we are far from blaming any one for not speaking, who was not notified beforehand. Nor do we, in the slightest degree, impeach their patriotism which does not consist in rhetorical speeches alone; it may burn with as bright a flame in the enraptured soul listening to

to the cell if one who is even I mean
is not I was not I were

These difficulties we trust will be removed in all other alterations, and especially that of Saint Patrick's day, by the resolution to hold a meeting for the purpose of making arrangements

ments, so that this is a museum and everything connected with it will be shown here.

It was given in a meeting that took place in the schoolroom and bears no name or inscription in paper, but a humble tribute to the S. cause of Ireland.

Charleston Mission

After a great row the convention is organized.

Shoulder-hitters in abundance - Conflict.

A platform decided upon.

Dilect of the admiralitie on

From our Charleston Correspondent.

Charleston Feb. 23rd 1860

The convention met yesterday at 5 P.M.; it was well attended by delegates from all parts of the Union. The majority of them are the very flower of the shoulder-bitter tribe, and, of course, the first session which took place yesterday was a stormy one. There were seven factions. The predominant elements were "the anti-slavery," "the Union," and the "united Democracy." In the course of the session there were several sharp collisions between the "anti-slavery" and the "Union" delegations.

The 1st Division is an armament of the process-
ing. Street should be satisfied with the re-
port it is to be relied

1st Sitting about five in the afternoon. The telegraph was in to work, and a half hour after, nearly all had gathered in the splendid hall (the basement of the musical society) which had been decorated for the occasion with hangings, tins, mirrors and carpeting, for about one fourth of the floor. As the members entered, they seemed to

exceedingly whereupon a party interested was touched to the heart - through the chairs and at the top of his voice remonstrated and protested against the abuses, advising a course of conduct in keeping with their high situation. This gentleman acted faithfully, according to the principle he proclaimed; at the time he was sitting quietly with his legs supported by a chair that held in decorous elevation the walking props of various individuals.

Meantime the canvassing was going on. Mr. Evercutting, a delegate from Brooklyn, of cork sh extraction, and unterrified democrat, and a first rate shoulder-hitter, hollered at the top of his voice and by the assistance of other strong throats, obtained the floor. He said: "Gentlemen. (long applause and some dissenting groans) if you choose me for president (cries of ay, ay - hear! hear) I'll maintain the dignity and rights of the nation (three cheers) I'll provide what is most necessary to the existence of American citizens - I'll buy sputtoons." He sat down amid the universal applause of the assembly. Then Mr. All-day-talk, from California, a second-rate shoulder-hitter, a noce, and great applause ensued. He being of the unterrified school, as the former gentleman, made flattering promises which drew forth cheers and applause. He ended his remarks, amid the deafening cries of the assembly, by announcing himself candidate for the vice-presidency. After this private canvassing, some were trying to make themselves heard. The others exhausted were reclining in the position aforesaid. Those who had breath left mistook the last for listeners and redoubled their efforts, but with gathering strength their proselytes would re-act. At a sudden Mr. Knockdown proposed a resolution democratically opposed to democratic principles.

ple, but his voice was drowned amid the cries of "traitor", "put him out" "tiger", and "three cheers for Washington". This man calls himself a delegate from Canada county some obscure place, no doubt, but many suspect him to be an inhabitant of the semi barbarous country beyond the St Lawrence. In this way the uproar was kept up until all, exhausted, adjourned without having organized the meeting.

2nd Sitting. The members met again at 1/2 P.M. also a great many in high offices were present, and what they call in vulgar language shadows. But a marked appearance had taken place. It seems that one of the factions by underhand work has obtained the ascendancy, and seemed to possess perfect control over the assembly. The administration, it is rumored, lent its powerful hand, with a view of having nominated; however I do not vouch for the truth of it. Mr. Neverstop, an unwashed democrat - for this party now ruled - arose and moved that Mr. Nanygivingup should take the chair; which being seconded, was carried.

Mr. Nanygivingup, the same gentleman who had been touched to the heart through the . . . addressed the meeting, telling them of the work they had to perform and other things, which the rapid flow of his words did not permit me to take down. He grew eloquent towards the end, until he dropped, not dead, but down on the chair. There was great applause and the band struck up "Hail Columbia".

Mr. Amphibious, a cool speculative gentleman who adheres hardly to any party, dwelt at great length (about two minutes) on the necessity of constructing the platform on the broad base of established American principles, viz: "go ahead and number me. Every one seemed to consider this a wise policy, and Mr Knockdown, a thorough shoulder-hitter of the "unwashed rule", intent

clear him that the gentleman who spoke last had touched the right string. But Mr. Shattock, another yell, that the Mr. B. was a man I defer undeniably from that gentleman, the representative has not touched the right string. Mr. Knobdown said: No wonder for the gentleman's violin plays only with one string, and that is the wrong one. The gentleman of the 1st and 2nd rows replied: I do not mean my violin string. Mr. Knockdown. What then? Explain yourself. Gentleman of the 3rd and 4th rows with emphasis: I mean the string of the heart: and he went on to say how duty to one's country should be the first principle. These words were like balm poured on the angry passions, for the assembly were silent, as if they would sleep: indeed his phrases were so measured that they seemed to have been composed with music. Some actually asserted that he was reading it from a music stand. There was a little recess after this speech and the company enjoyed some requisite fiddling from Mr. Leather breeches, while Mr. Knobdown and Mr. Shortboy, an untrifled democrat, and forthward shoulder biter delighted every one with a fashionable dance.

When the house was called to order, Mr. Everett, delivered himself of an oration. He expressed his views in that determined tone which characterizes those who have long meditated on their subject. He alluded curiously to the favorite topics of the day - John Brown, the Union, Freedom - all of which gained him loud applause. Mr. Shortboy also made an oration, and he rose higher and higher until he surpassed every other orator, having gone one step farther than the sublime. He said that people might talk of spangle banners but there was no banner in the United States so spangled as that which waved above the gymnasium. The approbation was general when he reached this climax. Mr. Aldryatt came forth and expressed his

views as became an untrifled senator. He agreed with the general narration - a principle, but totally denied it - that no citizen had any duties. He said that the 3rd and 4th rows had only rights: but he agreed with the 1st and 2nd that these prerogatives were to be forgotten when to propose for the basis of action. He asserted doctrine of duty. He said that Mr. Jackson and the heroes of the revolution, &c., & that their blood in vain if the rights for which they had fought were to be disregarded. In a yet so much had a certain party (members of the high church, party and the administration) vented a demand in the land, as to deprive freedom in Americans of their dearest right, marching. "How do we boast of freedom, in a ^{new} ^{old} ^{old} ^{old} when the banner wave over the gymnasium when even the walls of a stable, never bound, can shield us from the attack of a government thus ^{old}?" He ended by proposing to the 1st and 2nd to assert their rights. It was now plain that the two contending parties were coming to close quarters. At this moment, one Mr. Extempore rent the air, but this gentleman, still laboring under an infirmity contracted a year ago, declined.

But the intrepid and well-known Mr. Everet, however, the chevalier, an unwarred democrat in principle, arose to vindicate the subversive usurpation of the 3rd and 4th rows, saying that to smoke was to become an American. The chevalier had the best intentions but for many reasons he can't understand our american ideas.

Mr. La flute maintained the same despotic principle: but he spoke in his barbarian dialect that none understood. Mr. Aldryatt answered the chevalier and Mr. La flute, in the same language at a very high rate but in reality in Greek: Εἰν τοῖς τούτοις οὐκ.

in '64 & '65. Verbiages begin to get said. Mr. Rev. Mr. (from Washia Ann.) entered into the debate, advocating the measures of the administration, though he had no objection to the war. He said that he did not intend to speak at night (a voice "you said you would") Mr. ... denied the accusation, and, having at the beginning thrown his hat down said "hang it!" and went on dealing blows right and left worthy of a shoulder battle, that he is but when others ... stroked his effect as not well known. He continued to be quizzed and harangued by Mr. Thompson & in the end it was said that the Pres. acc't, that gentleman touched him to the quick, for he didn't back pretty sharply.

I guess other gentlemen would have spoken but for the bad colds and others for the good cards, which they took care to catch before coming to the convention. The fact is that there was a good deal of coldness exhibited.

Even Mr. Quackenbush from the 2nd ward, in a very few words to say: and Mr. Achilles (from Maine) went so far as to find fault with those who have expressed their views, by saying that he would not speak in order to say what other had said, and upon being asked what other had said he said not a word. but somebody said many, which some said was a Greek word, others Latin, but in fact an old word, which means "he must be crazy".

Even with the administration and high church party were now silence, and Mr. Short-Boyd (of New York) carried with an overwhelming majority, and it ... under the banner meeting of the Northern convention in session, adopted a platform of principles. Open government "go ahead", number one, no debts, "abolish" "use of the weed", representative government. The ultra-refined are triumphant, the invaded hang down their heads, the same administration is defeated & it is rumored that even the sober will commit suicide.

Friendship

The monarch oak that stood for ages past
And smiled at Time and winter's maddened blast.
Before the treacherous storm unwary fell,
Deprived of pomp, or song or funeral knell
The beauteous bursting bud hastens from the womb
And quailing falls and falls in infant form
The rose that opens its lips to greet the gale
Is answered by the lurking winter wind.
So friendship falls with fickle fortune's frown
Forsakes the source whence flourished its renown,
And mashes each favor of a generous heart
The keenest point of some unkindly dart

By Amicus

Election of Officers

The members of the Reading Room Society held a general meeting to elect officers for the ensuing term. The officers elected are, for a great part, numbers of the backbone of the society, and give universal satisfaction and we are confident that those who have been elected will fulfil their duties in such a manner that the number will never be inclined to regret their election. The following is the result of the election.

President.	Andrew J. Lynch.	Syracuse, N.Y.
Vice President.	Bernard A. Galligan.	Quinton, Mass.
Cor. Secretary.	William Sheridan	Rochester, N.Y.
Treasurer.	James J. Doherty.	New York, N.Y.
Rec. Secretary.	James Cosgrove.	Providence, R.I.
Librarian.	Francis V Oliver.	New York, N.Y.
1 st Director.	William Collins.	Fall River, Mass.
2 nd Director.	John Sharp.	Rochester, N.Y.
3 rd Director.	John Gaynor	Richmond, Va.

We must congratulate ourselves on the fortunate choice we have made in choosing the above officers, who will perform their duties in a manner creditable to themselves and to the society which employs them. But it is a source of the greatest regret that it is not to see Mr. Lynch once more appointed president indeed, it would have been an unpardonable oversight, if, disregarding one who has so long and so satisfactorily filled that office, another had been chosen.

The members, however, knew his merits so well and sufficiently appreciated the merits of that another, to trust the presidency to any other person, when they knew that the welfare of the Reading Room Society could not be promoted more than by Mr. Lynch.

Washington
Feb 22. 1860

At nations' cry is the purest shrine
To marble stone with a silent frown,
Heavy sounding in the ear of man,
The vocal pen may rest, obscure, unsought,
Distorted stale, rejected and unbought.

The gentlest balm for wounded freedom's moan:
The bells of joy will sound on broken chains,
And voices, unbound, will swell the Freeman's strains.

Received a grave where Johnson lies, where 'Cune
Upon whose fallen bower Columbia stands,
The hope, the guiding star of other lands.
A life unblemished is the truest praise
And tells more than the wordy, pompous phrase
How rare to find such virtue dwell alone!
Yet all no's native in our Washington.

By Amicus

Self

Answers to Correspondents

Obelis We decline publishing your piece. There was one of our contributors who signed himself Obelis, and we have learned that you and he are two different persons. Your piece is very well written, but being in doubt as to its originality, we reject it.

Sing. If your singing be as harmonious as your sense, you will soon become a proficient in braying.

Wrestes. We are exceedingly sorry that your piece was not sent in sooner. When we received it "The Charleston Convention" was printed. However, the subject will do for St. Patrick's day, or some other occasion of the kind.

Solus You mistake, you are not alone: there was never a time in this unhappy world when nonsense had the honor of being advocated by a single champion.

Odor. Solon conjures you, by the immortal gods, to keep off. One of the most sickly and most ridiculous attempts we ever met with, is your "rose", ornamented with "Pale, Robust, Blushes Ye Gods! what a profusion of Capitals and contradictory epithets. Oh sublime Odor! your inspirations must have come from an old cabbage in the last stage of decomposition.

Nemus Your poem (?) on "Gloom", is so gloomy that we feared to insert it; lest by reading it some of our readers might get "the blues".

Gannis. We are obliged to reject your piece on account of its bad metre.

Purina. We thought that we had said enough about plagiarism. Yet you seem not to have understood our remarks, and with the most barefaced impudence send in a piece on Washington which, everyone knows, to have been spoken by Philips.

Port Be not deceived. If the "Nine" invited you to Parnassus, it was only to have a little fun by laughing at your awkwardness.

We have received but one or two pieces, worth reading, which we have published. We believe those would be poets to be less useless in their contributions, as we lose too much time in reading their doggerel.

Solon

Ludor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

March 17 1860.

No. 10.

The Shamrock

Ye sons of proud Erin your sorrow
Awhile in oblivion leave;
There's time for the sigh on the morrow.
Be merry on this merry eve.

Mid peace and harmony blended,
The ruby-crowned cup pass around,
Nor e'en before night shall have enacted
Must the Shamrock of Erin be "crowned"

Oh, triple-leaved Shamrock! forever
Thy stem on our land mayst thou rear;
Through ages roll onward, yet never,
Oh never from us disappear.

And so may that shamrock be cherished,
Lent to us from angels above
Lest we might in error have perished.—
The Shamrock of Faith, Hope and Love.

And now while our cups are enchanted,
Remindful of him let us be, —
Of him, who this shamrock implanted
In Erin, "the isle of the sea".

By H. Bernau.

The mystic beauties of Sublime Mathematics.

Mr. Solon.

I am surprised to find in this enlightened age so few admirers of the beautiful science of Mathematics, and my astonishment is increased when I consider how little reflection is necessary to see its utility. How many persons, for example, look at the pendulum of a clock, swinging to and fro, without once thinking that all this is done in obedience to the laws of oscillation and translation, making, at the same time, the diagonal of the parallelogram of virtual velocities? Perhaps not one in a thousand, and yet this transcendental phenomenon, grand as it is, is completely eclipsed by the discoveries to which it leads.

By the pendulum we can prove that the earth moves around. Notwithstanding, many unmathematical people say that this is no proof at all; since if the earth revolves the clock must go round with it. Now there is nothing so easy as to overthrow this foolish argument, by simply stating that clocks are generally placed on masts, etc. or perhaps higher up sometimes, and hence the world may roll and turn about as much as it pleases without annoying the pendulum.

By this sublime science we can tell the exact distance which an infantry company, at rest, can pass over in an infinitely short period of time.

We can show, moreover, some parts of the

the earth which, although it is a solid sphere, move faster than others. This fact is clearly established by a train of railroad-cars, in which, though all start together, there is one that reaches the station in advance of the others. Now this could never be the case, if all ran with the same speed: for we know that the same fair play is shown to all, inasmuch as they have the same track to run on and the same force to propel them. As for the revolution of the earth, no sane man would attempt to deny that: for if it did not rotate where would be the use of Mathematicians splitting their brains (?) in endeavoring to give it no fewer than two imaginary axes, when they could just as easily prop it up with conic sections, or perpendiculars. I do not see the use, then, of talking and making such a mighty fuss about Joshua stopping the sun: for what could he know about Mathematics? Besides, even if he did, he only spoke the common language, and knew nothing about that of the educated world. Hence the reason that he could not express himself intelligibly. Somehow it is a well-known fact that the sun did not stop at all: it was only the earth that got frightened at the furious onset of the two armies, and ran back so fast that it got ahead of the sun altogether, and, as a matter of course took the dial. I am sure that if the one, who, in 1805, gave account of that battle, lived now-a-days, he would

be heartily ashamed for having written such a history, seeing how nicely mathematicians would sack him.

With regard to the rotundity of the earth I hope that nobody has brass enough to deny that, since it has been circumnavigated again and again; and this is beyond all doubt, as the great mariners made their way home in the very same path which led them to their sublime discoveries. Now how could they come back in the same straight line, if the earth were not as round as the ventrical orb of an alderman? Another fact in favor of this principle is that no one has ever yet been known to sail around Long Island: and this never would have happened if that unfortunate island were round. since any one starting from the battery, might shut his eyes and yet be sure of coming back through Hellgate to the starting place. Again what do we not owe to the stupendous discoveries of Newton?

662. when a mere boy, happened to be reclining under an apple tree, when one of the apples fell into his eye, and taught him to his cost that bodies fall downward and not upward. Wonderful discovery! before that time men threw up apples stones, &c. and never knew that they fell down Oh, thrice wonderful discovery! glorious Newton! and so apples fall down and not up!

But as each rolling wave helps another along, so one great discovery leads to another, and here we have the reason of aerolites and falling bodies. For is it not reasonable to suppose that, since before the time of Newton, no bodies fell down, there must have been an enormous accumulation of all sorts of things in the heavens, which, owing to their contiguity to the sun, in course of time became too hot, and melting formed a great mass in space, which mass the atoms here, being unable to sustain it, allows to descend, as we see, from time to time.

Nemo

The Song of the street

Rushing round the corner,
Chasing every friend,
Plunging into banks,
Nothing there to lend.
Literally begging
Of every man you meet;
Bless me this is pleasant.
Sporting on the street.

Merchants very short
Running neck and neck.

Want to keep a going,
Praying for a check
Dabbers in stock,
Blue as blue can be,
Evidently wishing
They were "jolly free".
Banking institutions,
Companies of trust.

With other people's money
Go off on a "bust".

All our splendid Railroads
Got such a dreadful knock,
Twenty thousand "Bulls"
Couldn't raise their "stocks".
Many of the "Bears,"
In the trouble shanry
Now begin to feel
They've been overbearing.

Persons, speculators
Tumbling with the stock

Ever mind so you
Have than five clock.
Still there are big dinners,
In other words and sup,
Gone all the better
For a winding up.

Hours of long standing,
Trumpling in a night.
With so many smash
No wonder money's tight.
Gentlemen of means
Having lots to spend,
Save a little sympathy
Nothing have to end

Gentlemen in mean
Willing to pay double
Find that they can borrow
Nothing now but trouble.
Half our men of business
Wanting an extension,
While nearly all the others
Contemplate suspension.

Many of them though,
Don't appear to dread it,
Every cent they owe
Is so much to their credit.
Brothers all are breaking
Credit all is cracked,

Women all expanding,
As the banks contract.
Panic still increasing;
Where will the trouble end.
While all hands want to borrow
And nobody can lend?
Running round the corners,
Trying every source
Asking at the banks.—
Nothing there of course,
Money getting tighter,
Misery complete
Best me, this is pleasant,
Sporting on the street
By Stephenian Taffyhead.

To Our Readers.

The joyful song of spring already
falls like distant music on the ear,
and the birds, unfailing heralds of na-
ture's annual resurrection, are heard
from time to time, pouring forth their
enchanting strains, while they watch
with delight the opening buds, that
are yet to expand into broad green leaves,
where they may, one day, in security
build their sylvan homes, and raise in
peace their infant progeny. It is true
that many a flower, beguiled untimely
from its tender bed, is blighted by some
lurking blast that lags behind, as if
jealous of the balmy vernal gales, while
they whisper life to the leafless branches,

and surround the forest-monarch's
throne with star-like primroses and
azure violets. Yet though winter may
linger awhile, its fitful gusts are only
the agony of death, while the genial
breath of spring gives health and life.

Now, if the very trees grow green,
surely man cannot become sad; we,
above all who love to claim such rela-
tionship with the land of St. Patrick,
whose festival we celebrate to-day.
Let us honor it with joy and pleasure,
remembering well that the religion
of St. Patrick countenances no long or
gloomy faces. Bear in mind, too, that
St. Patrick is not honored by the

... Freshman, a.
despising the sneering songs and unbecom-
ing expressions of those, whose greatest
happiness consists in reviling the legacy
which has been bequeathed to us on
Mount Calvary. The good are not so much
honored by praises as by being imitated.
Let us imitate Saint Patrick.

We cannot conclude our re-
marks without calling the attention of
the proper officers to the duty of procuring
the necessary repairs and additions for
the gymnasium, as the time for out-door
amusements is now at hand. It is a well
known fact, that nothing is more con-
ducive to the health of the student than
plenty of out-door exercise. However, as
things stand, it can hardly be said

that we possess all the conveniences that
we might and, perhaps, ought to possess
by the display of a little energy in the
proper quarter. We hope therefore, to be
able to congratulate our readers in
the next issue of the Colleague, on the
prospect of the erection of a universal-
ly useful and very much desired object -
a valiore.

P. B. The piece, called "The song of the
shear" was partly printed when we dis-
covered that it was not original. At first
we intended to strike it entirely from
the paper but afterwards we thought it
better to insert the rest of it, and we refer
our readers to the authors to correspondents
that they may see what we think of
Miss Lephorias Taffyhead.

Napoleon

All France that day was wrapped in gloom,
And sadness hovered o'er each breast.
When on the dark and lonely tomb
They laid him down to take his rest.

Yes, there on Saint Helena's isle
The night-wind howls from off the deep,
And whistling through the crags meanwhile
They gently lull his peaceful sleep.

This spirit on this has ta'en its flight
To a brighter, happier realm afar.
Where peace and love as one unite
And form the guiding, ruling star.

Augustus.

Saint Patrick.

To-day the sons of Erin honor the patron saint of their native land. In that sunny isle where he first spread the faith of the true God and planted the seed which has since borne such abundant fruit, on the sunny plains of India and on the waters of China, where the Irish soldier fights the battles of his sovereign; and in this home of freedom, the asylum of the oppressed, every child of that sacred land pine in rendering homage to the Apostle of Ireland. Songs of joy resound through the world, while the praises uttered by the lips of millions of Catholics, preserve and perpetuate the memory of St. Patrick and as the solemn mass of thanksgiving is celebrated by his disciples, and choristers accompanied by the swelling tones of the organ, chant the hymn of the glorious saint. The priest from the altar shows them the favor they have received, in being blessed with such a noble patron, exhorting them at the same time to persevere in that faith transmitted to them from their forefathers, and to continue in that virtue which has been the pride of their native land and the admiration of ages.

The gratitude of the Irish nation for their benefactor has not diminished with time, and their undying attachment to the faith bequeathed to them prove that his labors were productive of fruit.

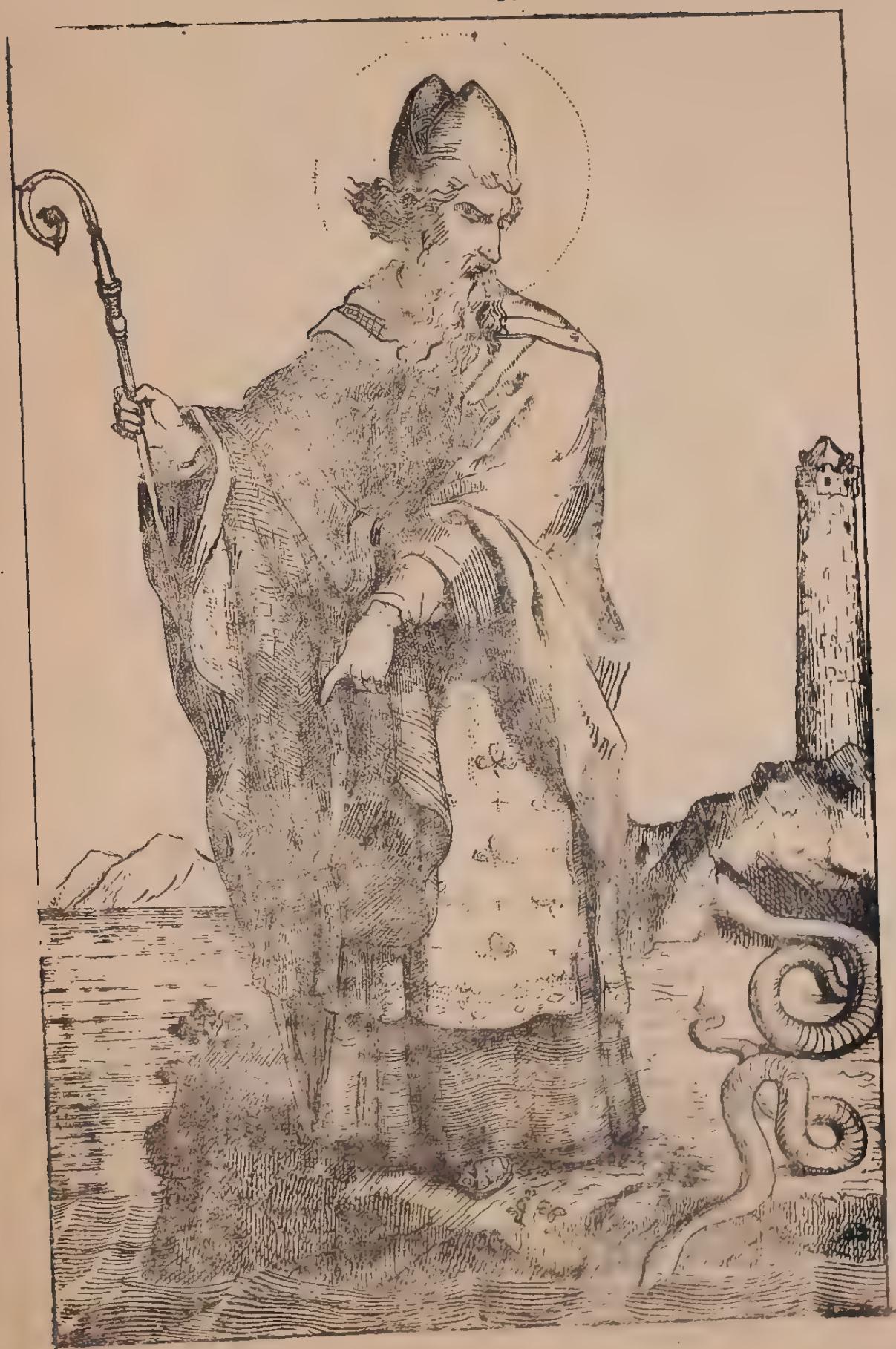
It were needless to speak of the services of the great saint. In every clime, where dwells the disciple of Patrick, the name, the life, the works of the great Apostle

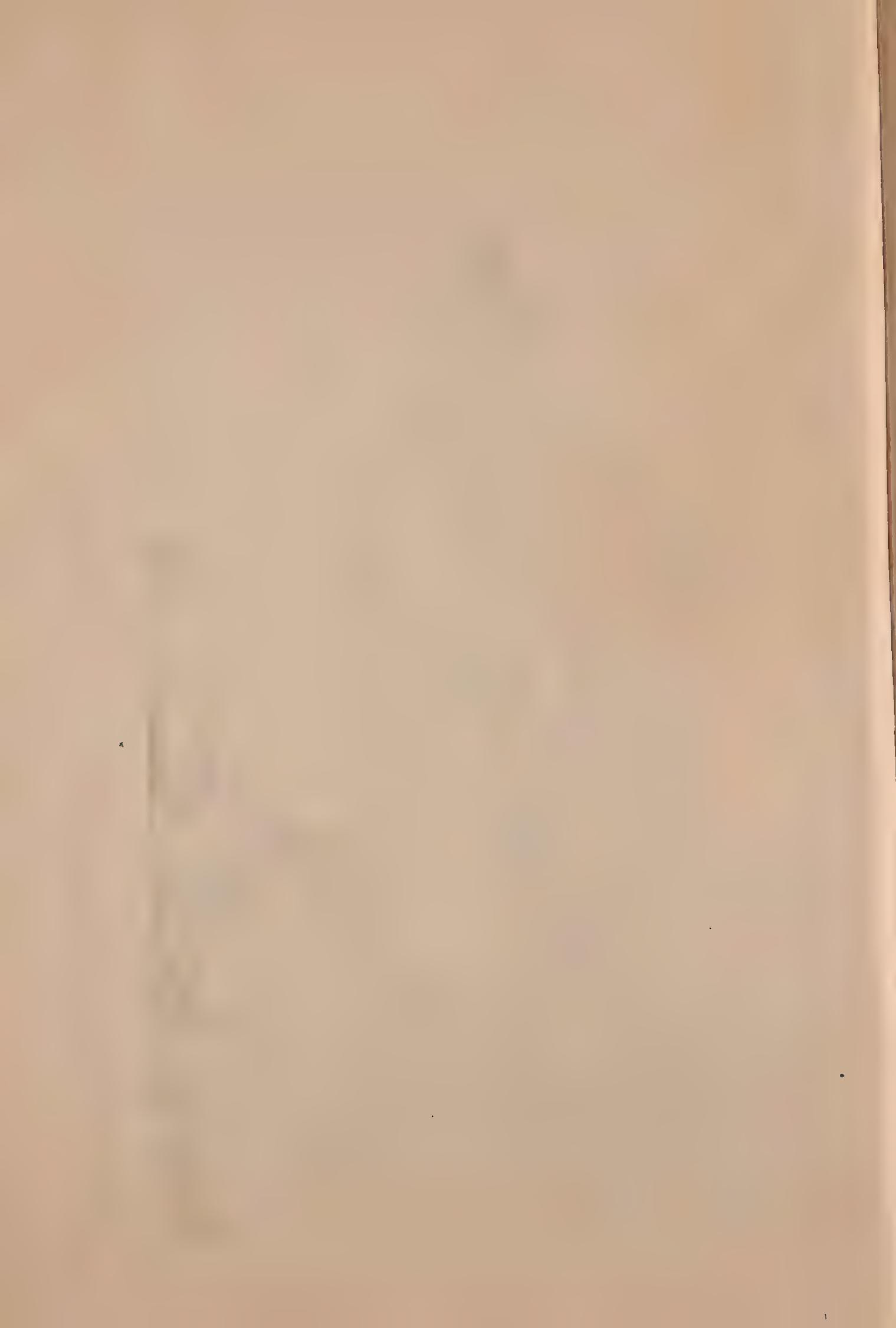
are known. For years did he toil, traversing the island, and everywhere dispersing the darkness that had hitherto buried the land in the gloom of infidelity.

What heightens the glory of his labors and places him above any other apostle sent to convert the lands not visited by the twelve, is that while the tree, planted in other countries, was blighted by the storm of Protestantism and persecution, that of Patrick flourished in spite of the tempest which spent its fury in vain against its sacred trunk. When bigotry and intolerance desolated that peaceful land, and its inhabitants were mercilessly slaughtered by their fanatical oppressors, they clung to the faith given to them by St. Patrick, and though poor and starving, death had no terror for them, compared with the awful sin of apostacy.

For was the fruit of his labors confined to Ireland. Zealous to imitate their saintly model, who converted the desert of paganism into a bright garden, where Christianity has since bloomed, undisturbed by the furious storm that threatened its destruction; plucking a branch from that divine tree the priest of Erin bears it to distant shores and cherished by his fostering care, it flowers, and spreads living branches over the spot made sacred by its presence.

These are the effects of Patrick's self-sacrificing devotedness. For ages has the doctrine, which he preached before the King of Tara, continued to flourish in that island of saints; for ages has the





where he inculcates over the house of man
and over the sorrows that surround
the rich born sceptre-bearers. John
shores fourteen centuries up, insurpassing
time, & summing them in their
affection and safety. By bid.

Eneas' Lament

Vergil's Eneid Book II line 268

Twas the dread hour when sleep our eyelids seals
and on the languid frame in昏睡 steals;
When the freed spirit wanders unconfined,
and ghastly visions haunt the restless mind.
See! - Hector, plunged in sadness, over me stood,
shedding of bitter tears a copious flood,
Tied to the chariot, black with gory dust;
The cruel thing through his feet's sinews thrust,
Or whirled along the sand, - a mangled train,-
Torn with the stones throughout the racking平原。
Alas! so sunk in miserable plight.
I scarce could summon nerve to bear the sight!
From Hector's former self how greatly changed,
Who o'er the field of war triumphant ranged!
How changed from him who slew Hecuba's son!
And proudly wore the spoils his sword had won!
How changed from him who with so daring hand
Flung mid the Grecian ships the flaming brand!
Those looks all haggard and those features wild;
That manly beard, with filthy gore defiled,
Those locks dishevelled - clotted thick with blood,
Cold the dark eye whose wrath none had withstood:
Those livid wounds next met my peering sight
Each gaping gash he won in valiant fight
For Troy's proud mansions and Troy's stately fane,
Troy! - that his home, his all contains

Me thought I first the godlike man addressed
And thus my fates, my joyous hopes expressed.

"O light of Ilium - only hope of Troy!
That gallantium wind on which winds employ?
Whence come you, fierce winged spirit thus?
And why? - To mark our woes, our rage, our grief?
To count the corpses of the unburied slain.
That block our streets that strew the exploded plain?
Come you to haunt us with that maddening sight?
To rouse, to goad us to the hopeless fight?
Why then thus we sit, and sit, poor wretches,
Brought to my queries vain the unrepined.
But sighing, groaning in abject despair,
"Arise, goddess born! - the ailing flames beware!
Fly! and slant fly! the foemen storm the wall
And sack the town - Troy totters to her fall.
Shame hast thou on thy country and thy King.
Many a arm success to Troy could bring!"
That arm were mine - I heard the dismal hue.
And from ill-fated Troy in haste retire.
Define thy country's gods, and omnipotent.
Build up a state and live in peace at last.
He said and from the altar silent came,
Bearing the pillars and undying flame.

Amator Librorum.

We received an invitation to attend the Dramatic entertainment of the Second Division for which we are very thankful. If we can afford us any measure to be present, as we are greatly interested in its welfare in view of the good will they have always shown towards us, but various circumstances prevented us from attending the entertainment. However, we trust that they will not be content with one night, but on some other occasion display their talents again before the students of the three divisions.

It is to be lamented that the dramatic society, so glorious, and at the same time so useful should have disappeared when it went to ruins. To have some interest yet will the spark be kept alive by the second division, there is reason to hope that the flame will burst forth with as much brilliancy as ever.

Answers to Correspondents

Quentin's Tragedy - Sir - We consider it our duty, hence we have
written you, to call your attention to what an
unfortunate, however, it - can concern our children. After repeated
attempts to bring them to a sense of the many grave
consequences attending a similar life, you
will, I suppose, know of our application from a mil-
itary school to the Duke of York, if the principle of honor is
sacred, made subservient to a slave master
would be in the eyes of mankind. At such a house very well yet
we can not be like the inmates of Sir W. Linley, & Ward the
best remedy in your case is in an instant, an invigila-
tion of the rattan, a measure by no means too severe for one
who is, I suppose, the only & the most intelligent
which is the banner of society. - And we will not be
overbold and precipitate in our judgment of the
matters. You demands we have had repeatedly made
to you, but that is your natural & invariable. All
which are in those or nearly such cases as this, the
slavery shall be severely punished.

is for your second week, when we go to school. I want
of its adaptability. It is a conglomeration of music, a
rhythm and sentence, and it is now to be used in
serted to show our thanks your help in getting for writing
poetry.

Genius. Your piece is too well known to me to wish to run

Oasis Your poem is really very nice, and I am in particular
attention to metre. If you would like to send us your
poem, and if you would write it in a few words,
we would be very happy to insert it.

Mr. & we received a piece about "spider" which we have
missed. I like it to say that we do not think it is original
and therefore will not publish it if we find it.

N. B. Solon wants no heralds to announce his semi-monthly advent. However ungrateful, therefore, it may appear, we beg leave to decline such un-asked for services hereafter. We do not see, moreover, by what right the Collegian must be arraigned before a class, and the names of those who are supposed to have contributed articles, given publicly. Finally, we request, once for all, that the Collegian may be left at the printing office, until Solon distributes it, and then its articles will not be anticipated, and their contents published before the time.

We have deemed it proper to publish again the following regulations, which we wish to be strictly observed by contributors.

1. The Collegian is published semi-monthly.
2. Originality is the only passport to our columns.
3. No reflections on authority and nothing tending to create ill-will among any of the students can be admitted.
4. All contributors must be careful not to sign their own names to their communications, but must assume a nom de plume.
5. All contributions must be sent through the letter-box in the study-hall, and must be addressed to Solon.

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

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No. 11.

Speech

delivered by Mr. Peter Foote March 17. 1860

In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting held by the students of the Senior Division, we publish the following speech of Mr. Foote.

Mr Chairman.

The panegyric of the hero has been reached in the loudest and sublimest strains of human eloquence; his glory has been heralded through crowded highways, and thundered in forenoon tones through marble halls of other days; it has been reverberated through the vaulted domes of antiquity, where the statues of the mighty dwell, and re-echoed by these silent forms. The victor, whose fame is borne on the dark torrents of blood which he has shed, has passed beneath triumphal arches, while his brow, yet stained with the coils of the gory field, is adorned with the messenger of victory and of peace. The royal peasant moves on in state, amid the frantic acclamations of a people, bent to the earth in misery, and offer a sterile smile for a

regal gash. Shall I offer these for your admiration? No; they have passed away. Those conquerors of old, how few think of them now! Who thinks of the Macedonian, weeping because the world limited his conquests? He of Pharsalia fell before a Roman senator: the glory of Marengo and the sun ofusterility: the linen that wrapped the infant limbs of Borsica's new-born ambition became the shroud of its glory, and the cradle of its first slumber became the tomb of Saint Helena: wherein slept the world's sunge, unthundered and unmeted, unswallowed by the deep dark void, wherein those angry bellows, moaning over hoary bones with the silent, and the hissing, and the torments of hell. They have the mighty fallen! They have the mighty fallen!

they rushed to glory, yes! and to their destruction, bore on the wings of a whirlwind.

But time has written this epitaph on their memory - "iron: iron on their glorious musadums, the palaces of their human immortality, - mutation and decay."

Does the day we celebrate present such heroes as these for our admiration? No.

The name of Saint Patrick recalls a glory, brighter, holier, than an Alexander's, a Caesar's, or a Napoleon's. They conquered men: he souls. They triumphed on earth, but he in heaven. Oh! the memory loves to dwell and cling with fond affection around the name of Saint Patrick. Not only from Erin's green hills; not only from these happy shores; not only from the burning sands of Africa: not only beneath the scorching sun of Asia: no, but from every clime and country on the globe's extended surface, will the name of Saint Patrick, on this his festive day, be wafted heavenward. For, wherever a son of St. Patrick lives, - and tell me where tyranny has not driven him - there will he on this day lay aside his grief and his sorrow; there will he press to his lips the triune emblem of Erin's unblemished faith, and exclaim: "Land of my fathers! Erin mavourneen! Erin go bragh!"

No matter of his strong arm be defending, the flag of the hated Sassenach

where the frozen North, reposing on his icy throne, frowns amid the adored winters of a thousand years: no matter if he groans be hushed on the gorey field amid the wash of sabres and the roar of cannon; as his pale countenance gazes on the gushing streams of his heart's blood: yet louder than the sabre crash, louder than the cannon's roar, will the sweet voice of "home" be echoed in his ear, and bear him back to the scenes of his childhood and the spot, where the last sad tear, mingled with the new-raised mound, and the last sigh of a wounded heart, blending with the prayer of faith, rose on behalf of those he loved. Such is the memory of Saint Patrick; such is the love which Ireland's children bear for her: - a memory so strong that the vilest tyranny could not weaken it - a love so ardent that seas of blood have failed to extinguish it.

And because we would not forget the one and betray the other, we are ungrateful forsooth: we are branded as rebels and exterminated: and "faithless Albion" then proclaims that she has made peace. Yes, she has made peace: but it is the peace of deserted homes; it is the peace of the silent dead. But no matter, sadness and gloom are not the characteristics of an Irishman

They belong, rather, to the cold old land
of Saxon, and in spite of tyrants we can
afford to be joyful to-day: for it is now
of love and of glory for every son of Erin,
and for every Catholic, it recalls from
the tomb of centuries the noble acts of a

people who have given us all for
the faith of Jesus Christ - the faith
which melted me into a man
of iron, it was the faith of a soldier
of Christ.

The Grave.

I've often wished, but wished in vain
To lie beneath the sod,
For there is freedom from all pain
From thence I'd fly to God.

But ah! how long must I remain
Upon this desert land,
Can I not hasten where angels reign
And join that happy band?

This earth with misery abounds
Unlike the realms of bliss,
Where nought is heard but joyous sounds,
As mournful tones in this.

From friends on earth we loved, 'tis true
We then, alas, must part,
But faithful friends here are but few
For love they from the heart
By Charles

To Our Readers

The Collegian takes leave of you for a time. The time is not long, but it is a time of narrow anxiety, must be devoted to weightier matters, which require all the time and labor, hitherto devoted to the adornment of the pages of our paper. These pages testify that the labor has not been small, for we have issued from our printing press, every second week, twelve pages of literature, original and entertaining. This, indeed is not a work of little toil, it requires care and attention, - first to ascertain the originality of many pieces, and then to print them. The success, which has attended our efforts is evident to all, and a gratification to most of our fellow-students, and your approval which was the only object sought for has been secured. Let it not be imagined that we discontinue the paper for want of support. We have been generously assisted by you from the first moment we undertook to publish the Collegian, and we were never obliged to defer the publication of the Collegian, on account of deficiency of matter. Towards the end of the year we shall publish another number, when we shall bid you good-bye, and resign our places to others, who will no doubt prove to be as able editors as Solon.

The welfare of the community is dear to us, we feel it. It is not only our own, but our nation's, the nation's. Let us pray, hale, hearty, strengthening,俾 each one occupy his whole soul and body, and develop the talents of each. Let us have a vacation, by all means, for the treasury is full to overflowing.

Solon also notices that your behavior, during the solemn ceremonials of Holy Week, elicits universal approbation. The purity exhibited and the subdued tone of your merriment plainly told that the spirit breathed by such touching appeals, hovered over and around you, and consecrated your young hearts to the cause of justice and innocence. It taught you not to fear the reproaches of the wicked, but when surrounded by difficulties, to look up for consolation, which you would receive from the Son of God. Walk in his footsteps, and you will be men, true men, that know right and dare to maintain it.

But Lent is now over, and though no vacation relieves us from the toil and monotony of study, yet we must feel grateful to Dame Nature for the pleasant aspect she begins to wear, enlivening us with fine weather and light heart.

How Changed!

How changed that youthful brow, with hopeful smile
So lately bright! - so little skilled in guile
That far & friendship brained on every face
It met, and envy had no dwelling place.

Oft sat we 'neath the spreading beechen tree,
And on the wings of fancy blithe and free
We burst the imagined bounds of college life,
And sought for rest - in search - in worldly strife.

We parted, then, and bade a kind farewell,
Our love was such that looks, not words can tell,-
A manly love, the child of classic years.

How beautiful form is shown in parting tears
No star, like ours, we thought the heavens display,
Not e'en the brightest in the milky way.

No darkly low'ring cloud portended gloom,
All was fair as the rose in morning bloom.

Yet scarce three springs have winged their flow'ry way,
Since phantom hope first shot a luring ray,
It flashed round the statue of a dream made fame,
And promised fortune, with her fickle train.

Though short the time I only knew his voice,
Its gentle tone recalled my early choice.

That chick actually, ruby fair and clear
Was faded in the world's cold withering jar,

As when the flowers, in early spring unfold
Their buds, forgetful of the lurking cold,

Just ope their laughing lips to greet the gale
Then sigh out life and turn angelic pale.

Normellus

Book of Things

Book MDCCCLX Chap. III

1 At that time the chief priests and Pharisees accompanied by a multitude of people went up to the temple.

2 And when they entered a man struck with pieces of wood, which sent forth sounds like unto the clashing of tympans.

3 But the priests expounded the law unto the people and addressed unto them words of wisdom.

4 And a youth from the land of the Brooklynes as in a vision, saying: Is it well to have Scribes.

5 If you then know not there be many scribes in the temple who began to be suspected.

6 And it they, shouted and made great noise so that the people began to be afraid.

7 And soon the Levites began to yell and the man struck his pieces of wood, and there was a great noise as when armies engage in conflict.

8 And when a man appeared in their midst.

9 His beard was white as snow, and he seemed like one inspired.

10 And raising his hands, he brought them into the air, so that they might hear and understand.

11 And behold the noise subsided and all became still as when there is a great calm after a tempest.

12 And in a vision from a cloud came a voice and said

13 Wherefore should ye have scribes? What art it profit you to have them?

14 Scribes should write the laws of the land; but they whom you call scribes know not how to write.

15 Why then will you not heed the voice of truth and be wise?

16 But the people laughed at him and ridiculed him, saying:

17 He is a Gentile and knoweth not what he saith.

18 Soon the Levites with cymbals and tympani began to sing.

19 But the prophet came and commanded them to be quiet.

20 But they would not heed him and shouted louder and louder.

21 And when they were wearied and cloyed from their noise, a youth, like unto Sampson, with broad shoulders and stout limbs, arose.

22 And while he spoke the scribes were much pleased, for he was friendly to them.

23 And when he was born a man, called Sampson, took up two pieces of wood and drawing one across the other made a noise like unto the squeaking of a cat.

24 And the people wondered exceedingly how from wood could come such a sound.

25 But soon a small man began to be seen by the multitude, and with voice like unto

the wind and the waves,

26 It was he who said unto them, (for they were about Jesus, his words, were many and great,

27 They are like the Pharisees, doing nothing but striving to be rich.

28 If we have scribes we shall harbor the workers of iniquity; therefore it is not meet that they should dwell among us.

29 He spoke many other things but the people listened in silence.

30 And when he had finished there was a murmur of indignation among the scribes and Pharisees with the people began to be troubled.

31 Then he who had spoken first fearing the rage of the multitude said unto them:

32 If you like scribes have them: if you like them not destroy them.

33 This is the answer to the question & propounded unto you; they are good and wise.

34 But the people cried out: He is drunk he's drunk and there was great commotion in the audience.

35 Then Pilate, the high-priest, arose and declared to the multitude in these words.

36 This has been done has been done well as a you have spoken well.

37 Some have said: Let us have scribes; and some have said: Let us not have scribes. Ye are both right.

38 The truth is excellent, and you have maintained the truth excellently and you have spoken creditably.

39 It is creditably excellent that you should be here, and it is excellently creditable, that the people should listen to the words of wisdom.

40 And his words went deep into the souls of his hearers.

41 And when he had finished the people were spreading by you, for you had departed from them.

By James

The Mountain Stream

Whence flows with serpent, silvery folds that stream,
With wavelets dancing in the sunny gream.
Its bubbling on, it has its wanton way...
Thro' meads, where infant broods their smile display?
Behold that mountain lowing to the cloud,
Whence flows the mist of years untold enshroud
Thence flows that stream in murmuring mazy path,
Defiant as the ocean's swollen wrath.
Thus life flows from the vital fountain source
And dies in one short day. - its longest curse

By Alpheus

Conceit

When we say that a person is conceited, we mean that he is proud and vain, and that his pride and vanity are without end or such a nature as to lead him to imagine himself, unlike the rest of mankind, and possessed of qualities enjoyed by none other. It is by no means difficult to discern a character tainted with conceit. It may be to most of us not even itself from example. Its breathing its self-conceitulation and contumely, others will inevitably become, it. When you see a simpleton with not a particle of common sense beneath his curly locks, strutting like a peacock among his fellow-creatures, or when you behold an individual of common abilities, priding himself on his talent for this and for that, and looking with contempt upon those around him, who are undoubtedly his superiors, you may congratulate yourself upon having seen the very personification of conceit. Conceit, for the most part, belongs to the narrow-minded, and especially to those who have acquired just that amount of knowledge which is worse than none. It is wisdom that you find a truly well accomplished and conceited man. These three qualities are not concomitant with one another. For the wiser a man is, the less conceited he is. Also, it is a common saying that the timorous, for not in豪勇, is more but

a mean opinion of their own superiority. This is the case with everyone; the longer he lives, the more we learn, the less we think we know. The reason of this is that by associating with other men, and by learning what others have done before, by degrees we are led to the conclusion that after all we are but an ordinary personage, a mere spec of humanity, surrounded by thousands of equals if not superiors.

Conceit is always detestable. It is perhaps a evil trait in the human character, that more readily than it can excite disgust.

There is a man who boasts of his wit or his faculty of pleasing and entertaining. Tolerate, is resourceless, five or ten minutes, and you will invariably discover him to be a bore. If he chance to be in the company of others, he will most certainly monopolize the audience of all persons present. His tongue will never cease to move, and if you are not gifted with the patience of Job, you will never be able to bear up against his silly prattle.

But if you are so fortunate as to find him listening instead of talking, even then you will find him on the watch ready to jump at every word that falls, upon which he may commence a concerted pun. And when that is uttered, it is brought forth, if you are not able to appreciate

it, or to know "where the laugh comes in" it makes not the slightest difference, for he himself will do all the laughing and be his own applauder.

In fine, conceit displays itself in so many different ways, and is found in such a diversity of character that an attempt to trace it further would, indeed be vain. We cannot conclude, however, without noticing the great influence

which it exercises over the character of that most important individual—the conceited. Conceit is so flattering, and magnifies to such an extent the minutest curiosities, that he who is notorious for it is a shrewdness of his cranium is spania to believe himself a perfect paragon of wisdom. This is as true as many tiny hammer turn censors, and to this may the Collegian attribute the notoriety which it frequently receives from those who find it easier to laugh than to write.

—

To the Nightingale

Little warbler, pretty bird,
When and eve thy notes are heard
Filling woodlands with the glee
Of thy charming minstrelsy.
Thou ne'er art with care oppres,
That so oft wounds mortal breast,
But e'er cheerful, ever gay
When in warblest grie' awa.
Sweetly thus thy life do'st spend,
Sweetly thus unto the end.
O! I would I were like thee!
Then how happy would I be
Flying through the forest wide,
Sipping of the brooklet's side,
Marbling sweet from man to eve.
Then how gladly would I leave
All the pleasures of this earth,
But to share with thee thy mirth.

Junior.

Bad Example

Colon,

At the expense of being considered a preacher, I have come to the resolution of making one or two remarks on the subject which heads this article. I know that truth is a bitter pill to swallow, but even so, it must be sometimes administered. To come to the point then, - is it not surprising to see the manner in which Catholics frequently conduct themselves in churches and chapels? If I have no desire to speak through parables, I think I can very well illustrate my subject among some of your readers; for, unless your eyes and your ears are too often closed, like those gentlemen of whom I speak, you have only to look around you in the chapel every morning, to see gentlemen taking a position, which, if it were tolerable, they would not take in a theatre. And yet, mind you these gentlemen believe, or at least they say so, that Christ is present, body and soul, on the altar before them.

Now, Mr. Colon, suppose I were a Protestant, would I not be justified in saying: "Your acts belie your assertions? It is not possible that rational beings, believing in the real presence, could

scatter a disgusting mouthful of tobacco juice on the floor of this house: it is not possible that they could lounge so disrespectfully on the seats; it is not possible that they could ridicule the minister of that same God, believing him to be such, because he does not convey the simple, yet sublime truths of the gospel in the garb of pagan eloquence: it is not possible that on days prescribed by His Church as fast days, they should eat double the quantity they would eat on a day not so prescribed, and return from New York as I know some of your readers have done, boasting, that they had eaten meat by mistake (?) on Wednesday or another day of abstinence. Saint Savian tells us "that the scandalous sinner must answer for the crimes which his bad conduct has caused to be committed." Would these gentlemen not have to answer for the crime of my remaining in heresy, provided I were, since their way of acting would prevent me from seeking the truth? I know these remarks will be displeasing to some of your readers, but if people are so sensitive that even truth offends them, let them remember that the honor of God is, at least, as precious as theirs.

Memo

A Faunt

I'm ab'oud of the cars and have nothing to do,
So, dear Jim, I will scribble a short line or two;
But if from my verses an odd foot be taken,
Bear in mind, if you please, how I'm jolted and shakin'.
These infernal spring seats set one all in a flurry—
Hup! hurrah! we're away, in a thundering hurry,
Now retreating—advancing, now leaping, now prancing,
And our heads bobbing up, just as if we were dancing
A right royal break-down. Then anon we're as still
As if we were snozzing with a hearty good will.
Then a jolt—and a jar—and a thump and a knock,
Now on this side—now that—and a short grating sheet,
And we stop. Then a terrible snort
From our steed—just given for sport,
And away we scour on our iron horse,
And we keep unchecked our onward course,
And we sweep o'er plains and we dash thro' vales
Like summer-clouds 'fore hurricane gales,
And we plunge through mountains the storm that travel,
And an echo wakes in each rocky cave.
And a choral song is borne on the wind,
But we pass like a flash and 'tis far behind.
Thro' a bridge we career some silent stream o'er,
In a twinkling we span it from shore to shore.
The river god rages that his realm we invade,
And he howls and roars. Our steed but neighed
Haha! haha! and always he scouris.
Like a zephyr that breathes through wary flowers,
As if the old god he taunting defies,
As American young fogies old oft despise.
Away, away, our gallant steed
Now pants and sweats and smokes with speed
His brain is on fire
But he'll never tire
When once its begun
Till his race is run.

His mettle is tried - it is good and strong,
With every step his heart beats high,
He spurns the ground as he marches along,
And the dust mounts aloft to the placid sky.
Then he pauses awhile to take a drink,
(Not cobblers nor cocktails nor lager nor ale,
Nor brandy creating such an awful sensation
As hot as _____ and as red as _____
But a very good drink as tee-totalers think
And water icy cold and as limpid as a crystal.)
Then away he goes with the speed of the gale,
(That sailors call swanking 'cause they get it on the tail.)
And he wheels around on the extreme brink
Of a gulf or abyss - A hundred feet down
In quiet repose sleeps a country town.
Then at one fell clap
Like the report of a pistol
He thunders - He has reached the goal
And the bells a merry greeting toll
And my journey's done and my rhyming too.
Until my next letter a hearty adieu.

Jonathan.

We have received so many contributions that it would be an endless task to answer them. Suffice it to say that we have inserted the best. Henceforth we decline all further communications.
A number of the Bollegian - the last one, will be published in June

Selon





